Injur'd Love:

OR, THE

CRUEL HUSBAND.

A

TRAGEDY.

Design'd to be Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. N. Tate,

Author of the Tragedy call'd KING *LEAR.*

LONDON:

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PROLOGUE.

I've lookt and lookt and still the Coast is clear;
I see not one Brach'ano *Husband here.*
Then since in neither Pit, nor Box, nor Gallery,
The cruel Character's all Sham and Raillery.
Well! Grant our wicked Husband and wrong'd Wife
Are Figures somewhat larger than the Life:
Yet were our Females pleas'd to speak their Mind,
I've shrew'd Suspicion, that we shou'd find
Few Dames complain of Husbands over-kind.
Tho' you who have not turn'd meer Brutes of Beaus,
Like well-bred Deer are civil to your Does.
When roving Fancy's wanton Freaks prevail,
Like pamper'd Deer y'are apt to leap the Pale.
Of such wild Bucks I have been told indeed,
From James's *Park and* Covent-Garden *Breed.*
But now we meet with Younkers from the City,
Like You turn'd Libertines, the more's the pity,
Wicked as You, and, Sirs, almost as witty.
How diff'rent from their Dads the Course they run?
Stock-jobbing Sire gets rich; the graceless Son,
Writes Madrigals, games, whores, and is undone.
Rare Reformation! to see Prentice-Prig
Adjust the Cravat, and careen the Wig.
Thus Vice and Vanity are Conqu'rors grown,
Our Outworks first they gain'd, and now the Town.
What Refuge then's for Virtue left? What Fort?
You Virtuous Ladies, *and a* Pious Court. [To the Boxes.
There English *Principles their Posts maintain;*
There Morals, Piety, and Hymen reign.
Therefore, for Interest now, if not for Shame,
You'll tack about, and play the prudent Game, To the Pit.
I see it in your Looks, you'll all reclaim.
All did I say? hold, that's a bold Pretence,
I mean all you that have a Grain of Sense:
Tho' hair-brain'd Rakes slight Royal Reason's Rules,
And Fools to th' End of th' Chapter will be Fools;
You Wits the Sov'reign Summons will obey,
And, First, to shew you're in a mending way,
You'll often visit our Reforming Play.

The Persons.

Duke Brachiano,	*The cruel Husband, in Love with* Vittoria.
Francisco,	*Duke of* Florence, *Brother to* Isabella.
Montacelsi,	*Cardinal, his Kinsman.*
Giovanni,	*The young Prince, Son to* Brach.
Julio,	*A Count of broken Fortune.*
Antonio, Gasparo,	*His Followers.*
Flamineo,	*Brother to* Vittoria, *the Court-Villain.*
Marcello,	*His Brother, an honest Soldier.*
Camillo,	*Husband to* Vittoria.
Isabella,	*The injur'd Wife.*
Cornelia,	*Her Mother.*
Vittoria,	*The Court-Mistress, Wife to* Camillo.
Zanche,	*A* Moor, *her Confident.*

Officers, &c.

SCENE, *ROME.*

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ACT I.

SCENE *A Garden to* Vittoria's *Appartments.*

Enter Ludovico, Antonio, Gaſparo.

Lud. BAniſht !
Ant. It griev'd me much to hear the Sentence.
Lud. Ha, ha !—— O *Democritus !* thy Gods,
That manage this mad World, Courtly Rewards
And Puniſhments——
This 'tis to have great Enemies.
Gaſp. You term thoſe Enemies are Men of Princely Rank.
Lud. Oh ! I pray for 'em——
The violent Thunder is ador'd by thoſe
Are daſh'd in pieces by it.
Ant. Come my Lord,
Y'are juſtly doom'd ; look but a little back
Into your former Life ; you have in three Years
Ruin'd the nobleſt Earldoms——
Gaſp. Your Followers have ſwallow'd you like Mummy——
Ant. One Citizen

Is Lord of two fair Mannors
Only for Caveaire.
Gasp. Those Noblemen,
Who were invited to your prodigal Feasts
(Wherein the Phœnix scarce cou'd 'scape your Throats)
Laugh at your Misery——
Ant. Jest upon you;
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You have ruin'd such fair Lordships.
Lud. Very good,
This Well goes with two Buckets; I must tend
The pouring out of either.
Gasp. Worse than this;
You have acted certain Murders here in *Rome*,
Bloody and full of Horror!
Lud. So,
I wonder then some of your great Men escape
This Banishment. There's *Paulo Giordiano*, *Ursini*
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now in *Rome*,
By Rev'ling Visits seek to prostitute
The Honour of *Vittoria* on pretence
To raise her ruin'd Family, and make
Her Husband a great Man.
Gasp. Judge Charitably; 'tis generous in Him.
Lud. Generous?
Ant. Come, bear a Manly Patience.
Lud. I'le make *Italian* cut Works in their Skinns,
If ever I return.
Gasp. O Sir!
Lud. I am Patient——Patient!——
I've seen some ready to be Executed
Give pleasant Looks, and Money to their Hangman.
Ant. Fare you well my Lord;
We shall find time I doubt not, to get
Your Banishment Repeal'd.
Lud. I am ever bound to you:
This is the Worlds Alms (pray make use of it.)
Great Men sell Sheep thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they have shorn 'em bare and sold their Fleeces. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Brachiano, Flamineo, Vittoria; (Flamin. *with a dark Lanthorn.*)

Bra. The best of Rest t'ye.
Vitt. To my Lord *Brachiano*
The best of Welcome: More Lights attend the Duke.
Bra. Flamineo!
Fla. My Lord.
Bra. Quite lost *Flamineo!*
Fla. Pursue your Noble Wishes, I am prompt
As Lightning to your Service: O my Lord,
This fair *Vittoria* here, my happy Sister,
Shall give you present Audience: Gentlemen,
Let the *Chariot* go on: It is his Highness Pleasure
You put out all the Lights, and so depart.
Bra. Are we so Happy?
Fla. 'T can't be otherwise,
I've dealt already with her Waiting Woman,
Zanche the *Moor*, and she is wondrous proud,
To be the Agent for so high a Spirit.
Bra. But still her Jealous Husband——
Fla. Her Jealous Husband, hang him——
Shroud you within this Banquetting House good my Lord.
Some Trick must now be thought on to divide
This Brother-in Law, from his fair Bedfellow.
Bra. O should she fail to come— [*Enter* Camillo.
Fla. I must not have your *Lordship* thus desponding,
Away, away my Lord, see here he comes; this Fellow,
By his Apparel and Movement,
Some Men would judge a Politician.
—How now Brother; travelling to Bed to your kind Wife?
Cam. I assure you Brother, No my Voyage lies
More Northerly in a far colder Clime.
Cam. The Duke, your Master Visits me——I thank him.
Fla. I hope you do not think——
Cam. I have observ'd him.
Fla. Will you be an Ass,
Spight of your *Aristotle*? Or a Cuckold

Contrary

Contrary to your Ephemerides?

Cam. Pew, mew, Sir tell not me
Of Planets, nor Ephemerides;
A Man may be made a Cuckold in the Day-time,
When the Stars Eyes are out.

Fla. Sir, Fare you well;
I do Commit you to your pittiful Pillow
Stufft with Horn Shaveings.

Cam. Brother——

Fla. Hope refuse me,
Might I advise you now, your only Course
Were to lock up your Wife.

Cam. 'Twere very good.

Fla. And so shall you be certain in one Fortnight
Despight of Chastity or Innocence to be Cuckolded,
Which yet is in Suspence.

Cam. Come Sir, you know not where my Night-Cap wrings (me.

Fla. What you are Jealous then? *Enter* Vittoria.
See she comes—What reason have you to be
Jealous of this Creature—— Be wise I'le make you
Friends, and you shall to Bed together: Marry
Look you, it shall not be of your seeking, do you stand
Upon that by any means—— Walk a loof; I would
Not have you be seen in it——Sister, my
Lord attends you in the Banquetting House— [*Aside to* Vitt.
Your Husband is wondrous Discontented. [*Aloud.*

Vitt. I did nothing to displease him.

Fla. I must now seemingly fall out with you, [*Aside.*
And shall a Gentleman so well Descended as [*Aloud*
Camillo—— a Paltry Slave, that within these [*Aside.*
Two years rode with the Duke's Carriages.

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Fla. An excellent Scholar——

Cam. He'll make her know what's in me.

Fla. Come, my Lord attends; thou shalt to my Lord.

Cam. Now he comes to't.

Fla. With a Relish as Curious as a Vintner going to } *Turning to*
Tast new Wine: I am opening your case } Camillo.
Hard.

Cam.

Cam. A virtuous Brother-in-Law on my Credit!

Pla. Thou ſhalt lie on a Bed ſtuff't with Turtles Feathers, ſwoon in Perfumes, ſtifled in Roſes —ſhall meet him, 'tis fixt.

Vitt. Yes I will meet him, but for other Ends [*Aſide.* Than their vile Purpoſes.

Fla. I have almoſt wrought her to't, I find her Coming—— But might I adviſe you now, for this Night I would not *Lodge with* Her——I would croſs her Humour, to make her more humble.

Cam. Shall I, ſhall I?

Fla. It will ſhew in you Supremacy of Judgment.

Cam. True; a Mind elevated above the tumultuary Opinion.

Fla. Right; you are the Adamant ſhall draw her to you, tho' you keep at Diſtance.

Cam. A Philoſophical Reaſon!

Fla. Walk by her Negligently, of the Quality faſhion; and tell her you will *viſit* her at the end of the Progreſs.

Cam. *Vittoria*—I cannot be induced, or, as a Man would ſay, incited,

Vitt. To what Sir?

Cam. To *ſleep with* you to Night——

Fla. But d'ye hear——I ſhall have you ſteal to her for all this about Midnight.

Cam. Think you ſo? Why look you Brother, becauſe you ſhall find me ſtick to my Authority, take my Keys, lock me faſt into my Chamber, and ſo you ſhall be ſure of me.

Fla. In troth and ſo I will: I'le be your Goaler for once. But have you ne'er a falſe Door?

Cam. tell me to Morrow how ſcurvily ſhe takes my unkind parting.

Fla. I will?

Cam. I will uſe theſe tricks often;

Fla. Do, Do, Do, Do.

So now you are ſafe, Ha, ha, ha.
Come Siſter, Darkneſs hides your Bluſhes; my Lord, my Lord, [*Enter* Brachiano.

Bra. Believe me I could wiſh time would ſtand ſtill,
And never end this Interview——
Let me into your Boſom, dearest Charmer,

Pour out instead of Eloquence, my Passion?
Loose me not Madam, for if you forgoe
Me, I'me lost indeed.
Vitt. Sir in way of Charity I wish you at Heart's ease.
Bra. You are a sweet Physician.
Vitt. Sure *deadly* Cruelties in Ladies,
Are as to Doctors many Funerals;
It takes away their Credit.
Bra. Excellent Creature,
We call the Cruel, Fair; what Name for you,
That are so Merciful?
Zan. See now they Close.
Fla. I apprehend you;
When Principals engage, 'tis scandalous
For Seconds to be Idle.
Vitt. You call'd me your Physician, and I make
This Visit to prescribe your Grief a Cure;
A certain speedy Cure.
Bra. That's double Charity.
Vitt. 'Tis Resolutely at once to quench and stifle
This hopeless Passion.
Bra. That's too rough a Method,
And suits not with my Constitution.
These Minutes are too Precious——
Vitt. Sir, I know their Value,
And shall improve 'em to our mutual Benefit;
'Twas that I purpos'd in this Interview,
We now are wander'd to the brink of Ruin,
And must turn short, or perish.
Bra. Where's the Danger?
Vitt. It was my Lot
To be high born and bred, and then reduc'd
To fortune's Ebb, and (to compleat my Woes)
Made *Hymen*'s Martyr, Wedded to Aversion;
Yet still the Name of Husband's Venerable;
My Vow was Sacred, and let Hope forsake me
When first ——
Bra. Hold; 'twas no Match,
And I pronounce it void; unnatural Contracts

Dissolve

Diſſolve themſelves. [*Enter* Cornelia *obſerving them at a Diſtance.*

Vitt. Yours was at leaſt Religious;
You have a Princeſs, Sir, the Pride of Nature,
And Paradiſe of Vertues; worth your Prizing
If Monarch of the World; and Sir, this Charmer,
Your Lover, and almoſt your Worſhipper.

Cor. My fears are fall'n upon me! Oh my Heart,
My Son, their Pandar?

Vitt. Beware my Lord! Orphans and Widows cries,
Defrauded Labour's ſtarving Sighs are loud;
But none, to draw down Vengeance from Above,
No! None like the Complaints of injur'd Love.

Bra. You have both ſaid and anſwer'd, call'd her Wife
And Mine.

Vitt. So are your Dukedoms, Sir—I own theſe Beauties
Mean as my Fortune, yet above the Purchaſe
Of Crowns and Scepters; brighter too than they,
While deck't with Innocence——That Jewel loſt
The Mountain Nymph, that dreſſes at a Fountain
Her inn'cent Head with Daiſies, wou'd out-ſhine me
Blazing with Diamonds. [Cornelia *comes near to 'em.*

Bra. Conſent, and who ſhall dare to call't a Crime?

Vitt. Were Cenſure aw'd, what Troops can you Command,
What Guards to ſilence the Accuſer here?
The rev'ling gaudy Scene in time will change,
Furies ſucceed the flatt'ring Cupid's fled,
And howling Horrour haunt the guilty Bed.

Bra. Phantoms and Dreams! Awake and find your ſelf,
Lodg'd in his powerful Arms, that can protect you
From all the Fevers of a Jealous Husband,
From the poor envy of our Phlegmatick Dutcheſs;
I'le ſeat you above Law, and above Scandal:
Give to your Thoughts Invention of Delights,
And the Fruition: Nor ſhall Affairs of State
Divide me longer from you, than due Care
To keep you great; you ſhall to me at once
Be Dukedom, Health, Wife, Children, Friends and all.

Corn. Wo to light Hearts, they ſtill fore-run our Fall.

Fla. Ha! What fury rais'd thee up? Away, away.

Corn. What makes you here my Lord, at this dead time of Night?
Never dropt Mildew on Flow'r here, till now.

Fla. I pray will you to Bed then, least you be Blasted.

Corn. O that this fair Garden
Had with all poisned Herbs of *Thessaly*
At first been Planted, made a Nursery
For Witchcraft, rather than a Burial Plat
For both your Honours.

Vitt. Dearest Mother hear me.

Corn. O thou dost make my Brow bend down to Earth,
Sooner than Nature ——
Where is thy Dutchess now Adulterous Duke?
Thou little dream'st shee's come this Night to *Rome.*

Fla. Ha! Come to *Rome.*

Vitt. The Dutchess!

Bra. Sh'ad been better ——

Cor. The Lives of Princes should like Dials move,
Whose Regular Example is so strong,
They make the Times by them go right or wrong.

Fla. So —— have you done?

Cor. Unfortunate *Camillo?*

Vitt. Yet, Madam hear me— [*Kneeling.*

Cor. I will joyn with thee
To the most woful end e'er Mother kneel'd;
If thou dishonour once thy Husband's Bed,
Be thy Life short; as are the Funeral Tears
Of Great Men's Heirs.

Bra. She Raves, the old Lady's Distracted.

Fla. This 'tis for ancient Folks to keep ill Hours.

Cor. Be your *Love's* every Kiss a Scorpion;
May'st thou be envy'd, during his short Breath,
To be the more despis'd when he is dead.

Vitt. Mistaken Zeal, but 'tis a Parent's Care,
And Duty bids me wait for her Conviction;
Tho' mists of Errour Innocence may shroud,
Truth and the Sun shine brighter from a Cloud. [*Ex. Vitt.*

[*Manent Flam. Cornel.*

Fla. Are you out of your Wits?
My Lord I'le fetch her back again.

Bra. No,

Bra. No, I'le to Bed ——
Send Doctor *Julio* to me instantly,
The Poysoning Doctor *Julio.*
Uncharitable Woman, thy rash Tongue
Has rais'd a dreadful and prodigious Storm,
Be thou the cause of all ensuing Harm. [*Ex. Bra.*

Fla. Now, you that stand so much upon your Honour,
Is this a fitting time of Night think you
To send a Duke home without Attendance?
I would fain know where lies the Mass of Wealth
Which you have hoarded for my Maintenance,
That I may bear my State above the Level
Of my Lord's Stirrup.

Cor. What; because we 're poor,
Must we be vicious?

Fla. Pray what Means have you,
To keep me from the Gallies, or the *Gallows*?
My Father prov'd himself a Gentleman,
Sold all his Lands, and like a fort'nate Father dy'd
Before the Money was spent —— You brought me up
At *Padua*, I confess;
Thence to the Duke's Service,
I visited the Court —— And shall I,
Having a Path so open and so free
To my Preferment, still retain your Milk
In my pale Forehead?

Cor. O that I ne'er had born thee!

Fla. So would I;
I wou'd the common'st Courtezan in *Rome*,
Had been my Mother, rather than thy self:
Nature is very pitiful to *Whores*,
In giving them few Children,
And those few Plurality of Fathers;
They are sure they shall not want —— go, go,
Complain to my great Lord Cardinal,
It may be he will justify the Act.

Cor. Misery of Miseries! [*Exit.*

Fla. The Dutchess come to Town; I like not that;
I am engag'd in Mischief, and must go on. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Duke Francisco de Medicis, *Cardinal* Monticelsi, Marcello, Isabella, *with young* Giovanni.

Fra. Have you not seen your Husband since your Arrival?
Isa. Not yet, Sir.
Fra. Surely he's wondrous kind.
If he had such a Dove-house as *Camillo*'s,
I would set fire to't, were't but to destroy
Such Poul-Cats as *Brachiano* —— my sweet Cosin ——
Gio. Uncle, you promis'd me a Horse,
And Armour.
Fra. That I did my pretty Cuz: *Marcello*, see it fitted.
Mar. My Lord, the Duke *Brachiano*'s here.
Fra. Sister retire, you must not be seen by him yet.
Isa. I do beseech you to entreat him mildly,
Lest your rough Tongue
Set us at greater Variance; all my Wrongs
Are freely pardon'd: and I make no doubt
By Gentleness to win him back,
And keep him ever mine.
Fra. I wish it may. Withdraw. [*Exit* Isab. *with* Giov. *and* Flam.
[*Enter* Brachiano. *Guards and Attendants go out.*
Clear the Presence ——
You are welcome: Will you sit? — I pray, my Lord,
Be you my Orator, my Heart's too full,
I'll second you anon,
Mont. Ere I begin,
Let me intreat your Grace forego all Passion,
Which may be raised by my free Discourse.
Bra. As silent as in the Church you may proceed.
Mont. It is a Wonder to your noble Friends,
That you having *nobly* entred on the World
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And *have* to Gifts of Nature, well apply'd,
Rare Parts and Learning; should, in your prime Age,
Neglect your awful Throne, for the soft Downe
Of an unsatiate Bed —— Oh, my Lord!

When

When you awake from the lascivious Dream,
Repentance then will follow, like a Sting
Plac'd in the Adder's Stern.

Bra. You have said, my Lord?

Mont. Enough to give you Tast
How far I am from flattering your Greatness.

Bra. Now, you that are his Second; What say you?
Do not, like young Hawks, fetch a Course about,
Your Game flies fair.

Fra. Do not fear it;
He answers you in your own hawking Phrase:
Some Eagles that should soar against the Sun,
Seldom mount high, but take their lustful Ease,
Since they from Dunghil Birds their Prey can seize.
You know *Vittoria.*

Bra. Yes ——

Mont. Her Husband's Lord of a poor Fortune,
Yet she wears Cloth of Tissue.

Bra. What of that?
Will you urge this, my good Lord Cardinal,
At the next Shrift, as part of her Confession?

Fra. She's your ——

Bra. Uncivil, Sir: there's Hemlock in your Breath.
And that black Slander, were she my Mistress,
All your loud Cannons, and your borrow'd *Switzers*,
Your Gallies, nor your sworn Confederates,
Durst not supplant her.

Fra. You have a Wife our Sister, wou'd I had given
Both her white Hands to Death bound and lockt fast
In her last winding Sheet, when I gave thee but one.

Bra. Spit thy Poison.

Fra. I shall not need,
Vice carries her sharp Whip at her own Girdle ——
Look to't, our Anger's making Thunderbolts.

Bra. Thunder they are but Crackers.

Fra. We'll end it with the Cannon.

Bra. Thou'lt get nothing by't, but Iron in thy Wounds,
And Gunpowder in thy Nostrils.

Fra. Better that

Than change Perfumes for Plaisters.

Bra. Pity on thee!
'Twere well you'd show your Slaves, or Men condemn'd,
Your new plow'd Forehead —— Defiance: I'll meet thee
Even in a Thicket of thy ablest Men.

Mon. My Lord, you shall not word it any farther,
Without a milder Limit.

Fra. Willingly.

Bra. Have you proclaim'd a Trumpet, that you bait
A Lion thus?

Mont. My Lord ——

Bra. I am tame, I am tame, Sir.

Fra. We send to the Duke for Conference
'Bout Levies 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home —— We come our self in Person,
Still my Lord Duke is busy —— but we fear
When *Tyber* to each proling Passenger
Discovers Flocks of wild Ducks, then my Lord
(In Moulting time I mean) we shall be certain
To find you safe laid up, and speak with you.

Bra. Ha! [*Enter* Giovanni.

Mon. No more, my Lord,
Here comes a Champion,
Shall end the Difference, between you both,
Your Son the Prince *Giovanni* —— See, my Lords,
What Hopes you have in him? This is a Casket
For both your Crowns, and should be held as dear.

Bra. Your Hand, Boy; growing to a Soldier?

Giov. Give me a Pike.

Fra. What, practising your Arms so young?

Giov. Suppose me one of *Homer*'s Frogs, my Lord,
Tossing my Bulrush thus; pray, Sir, tell me,
Might not a Child of good Discretion,
Be Leader to an Army?

Fra. Yes, Cosin, a young Prince of good Discretion may.

Giov. Say you so:
If I live to be a General,
I'll charge all the Foe my self, i'th' very Front
Of all my Troops the foremost Man.

Bra. Forward Lapwing!
He flies with Shell on's Head.
Fra. Pretty Cosin!
Giov. The first Year, Uncle, that I go to War,
All Prisoners that I take, I'll set free
Without their Ransom.
Fra. How then will you reward your Soldiers
That took those Prisoners for you?
Giov. Thus, my Lord:
I'll marry 'em to all the wealthy Widows
That fall that Year.
Fra. Why then the next Year following
You'll have no Men go with you to the War.
Giov. Why then I'll press the Women to the War,
And then the Men will follow.
Mont. Witty Prince!
Fra. See a good Habit makes a Child a Man,
Whilst a bad Habit makes a Man a Beast.
Come, you and I are Friends.
Bra. Most willingly.
Fra. You have receiv'd the Rumour how Count *Ludovico* is
Bra. Yes. (turn'd Pyrate.
Fra. We are now preparing
Some Ships to fetch him in. —— But, Sir,
Your Dutchess waits you, and we expect from you
Nothing but kind Treatment of her. [Francisco, Montacelsi,
Bra. You have charm'd me. *go to the Table again.*
Mar. *Camillo*'s come, my Lord. { *Enter* Cam. *and* Mar.
Fra. Where's the Commission? { Flam. *from another*
Mar. 'Tis here, Sir. { *side to* Brach.
Fra. Give me the Signet.
Fla. My Lord, did you mark their Whispering? [*Enter Dr.* Julio.
I will compound a Medicine out of their two Heads
Stronger than Garlick; deadlier than Stibium.
Bar. O the Doctor!
Fla. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'll send him to *Pluto*.
Bra. About the Murder ——
Fla. He will shoot you Pills into a Man's Guts, shall
Make him have more Vent than a Cornet, or Lamprey;

He will poison with a Kiss.

Doct. Your Secretary is merry, my Lord.

Fla. O thou cursed Antipathy to Nature!
Let me imbrace thee Toad, and love thee
Thou abominable Gargarism, that will fetch up Lungs,
Lights, Heart, Liver and all by Scruples.

Bra. No more. I must employ thee, honest Doctor; [*To* Julio.
You must to *Padua*, and by the Way
Use some of your Skill for us.

Doct. Sir, I shall.

Bra. But for *Camillo* — —

Fla. I shall take care of him.
But for *your* Dutchess———

Doct. I will make her sure.

Bra. Small Mischiefs are by greater made secure. [*Exit.*

Mont. Look you, Cosin,
The good *Marcello* is chosen with you joint Commissioner,
For relieving our *Italian* Coasts
From Pyrates.

Mar. I am much honour'd with it.

Fra. Farewel, good *Marcello*;
All the best Fortunes of a Soldier's Wish
Bring you a ship-board.

Cam. Were I not best, now I am turn'd Soldier,
Ere that I leave my Wife, sell all she has,
And then take leave of her.

Mon. I expect good from you,
Your Parting is so merry.

Cam. Merry, my Lord, o'th' Captain's Humour right,
I am resolved to be dead drunk to Night.

Fla. Drunk dead, Ill promise you. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Marcello, Camillo, Flamineo.

Fra. So 'twas well fitted; now shall we discern
How his wish'd Absence will give violent way
To Duke *Brachiano*'s Passion.

Mon. Why that was it;
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a Sea Captain; and besides,
Count *Lod'wick*, who was rumour'd for a Pyrate,
Is now in *Padua*.

Fra. Is't

Fra. Is't true?
Mont. Most certain,
I have Letters from him which are suppliant
To work his quick Repeal from Banishment:
Fra. O 'tis well; we shall have need of him.
Mont. It may be thought I am dishonourable
To play thus with my Kinsman: but I answer,
For my Revenge I'd stake a Brother's Life,
That being wrong'd, durst not revenge himself.
Fra. Come to observe this Sorceress.
Mont. Sure he'll not leave her?
Fra. There's small Pity in't;
Like Misle-toe on sear'd Elmes, spent with Weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together. [*Exeunt.*

End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Grotto, Isabella *leaning over a Fountain,* Brachiano *enters with a surly Deportment, she makes him a low Reverence, and moving forward a second or third time.*

Bra. YOu are in health, I see.
Isa. And above health to see my Lord well.
Bra. So: I wonder much
What amourous Whirlwind hurry'd you to *Rome*?
Isa. Devotion, my Lord.
Bra. Devotion!
Is your Soul charg'd with any grievous Sin?
Isa. 'Tis burthen'd with too many, I think:
The oftner that we make up our Accounts,
Our Sleeps will be the sounder.
Bra. Take your Chamber.
Isa. Nay, my dear Lord, I must not have you angry——
Does not my Absence from you two whole Months,
Merit one Smile?
Bra. I smile upon no Females.
If that will dispossess your Jealousy,
I'll swear it too.

Isa. O my dear Lord, I do not come to chide.
My Jealousy! alas, I am to learn
What that *Italian* means.
You are as welcome to these longing Arms [*Offers to embrace him.*
As I to yours a Virgin.
Bra. O your Breath!
Out upon Sweet-meats and continual Physick. [*Flings her off.*
Isa. You have for these neglected Cassia,
And early Sweets of the Spring Violet;
They are not yet much wither'd———
My Lord, you should be gentle now; these Frowns
Shew in a Helmet lovely; but not on me——— [*Weeps.*
Bra. O Crocodile!
Isa. Had I, who am the Sufferer,
Been the Offender, this submissive Posture
Might plead a Pardon and prevail——
Behold, my Lord, upon her humble Knees
Your injur'd Wife suing for Reconcilement!
Return to me, and to your self return;
Shake off this sullen Cloud and shine again
The dazling Wonder of the World; return,
If not to me, to Fame, Content, and Quiet.
Bra. Content and Quiet! 'twas for that I left
My haunted House, and see! the Goblin follows me.
I cry ye mercy; you are Flesh and Blood,
Your Business, Assignation with some Gallant,
That must supply our Discontinuance.
Isa. Support me Love! this is a stunning Blow,
To stagger Duty, and make Patience start!
I pray, Sir, break my Heart, and in my Death
Turn to your former Pity, tho' not Love.
Bra. Or was't your Politicks? for you have learnt
To bandy, faction with me and complain
To your Kindred.
Isa. Never, my dear Lord:
So far from such Remonstrance of my Wrongs,
That, Oh! I strive to hide 'em from my self,
And chide my Memory when it turns Informer.
Bra. Because your Brother

Is the Great Duke, that is, the Corpulent Duke of *Florence.*
'Twas he first made this Match; Accurst the Priest
That sung the Wedding Mass, and for my Issue———
Isa. O too too far you have Curst———
Bra. Your Hand I'le kiss.
This is the last Ceremony of my Love,
Henceforth I'le never Bed with you; be this my Witness,
This Wedding Ring; I'le ne'er more sleep with you———
And this Divorce shall be as duly kept,
As if the Judge had doom'd it; Fare you well,
Our Sleeps are sever'd.
Isa. Forbid it the sweet Union
Of all things Sacred; why the listning Stars [*A Noise under*
Will start at this! The Stars! Earth groan'd to hear it. *Ground.*
Is it firm Ground we tread———
Or the Convulsion here— [*Laying her Hand at her Breast.*
Bra. Let not thy Love
Make thee an Unbeliever, this my Vow
Shall never on my Life be disannull'd
By Recantation, let thy Brother Rage
Beyond a *Lapland* Tempest, or Sea Fight,
My Vow is fix'd.
Isa. O my Winding Sheet!
For I shall need thee shortly; dear my Lord,
Let me hear once more, what I wou'd not hear; never?
Bra. Never. [*Lightning and Thunder.*
Isa. Nay then 'twas more than Fancy, Earth did groan,
And answer'd now with Vengeance from above.
O my unkind Lord, may you for this find Mercy,
As I upon my woful Widdow'd Bed
Shall pray for you; that you wou'd turn your Eyes,
If not upon your wretched Wife and Son,
Yet that in time you'd fix 'em upon Heaven;
In time, before the gracious Season's o'er,
And Mercy's Gate shall never open more.
Bra. Ha!
Isa. Our Sacred Band dissolv'd, methinks we look
Like the Transgressing Pair from *Eden* chas'd,
A dreadful Vow fix'd, like the flaming Sword,

High-brandisht and divorcing our Return;
But here's the Disproportion, Exil'd *Eve*
Fled with her Consort; I condemn'd Forlorn,
To wander a wide World of Woe alone!

Bra. Go, Go, Complain to the great Duke your Brother,
And now's your time, He's sailing down the Walk
With his loud Mouth'd Church-Second; Go, ply him
With a Broad Side; he has Bulk to bear it.

Isa. No my dear Lord, you shall have present Proof,
How I'le work Peace between you——I will make
My self the Author of your cruel Vow;
I have some Cause to do it, you have none!

Bra. Her self the Author, that's no ill Conitrvance.

Isa. Conceal it I beseech you for the weale
Of both your Kingdoms, how 'twas you that wrought
This Separation, let the Fault and Blame
Remain with my imagin'd Jealousie.

Bra. Well, take your Course.

Isa. To make you Friends, I will to Shades Retire,
(Like an unmatched Turtle there to Mourn)
For your Repose I weigh not the World's Censure,
The World and I have done——yet I cou'd wish
At this last Scene, a crowded Theatre
To gazing Statues with Attention charm'd,
Till rouz'd with more than personated Moans, [*Enter* Francisco
They rung my Plaudit with a peal of Groans. *and* Montacelsi.

Bra. My Honourable Brother,

Fra. Honour'd indeed, if on fair terms permitted
To hold your Friendship——Ha? Why Sister! Is this well?
Sister—My Lord—she merits not this Welcome.

Bra. Welcome said ye? She's given me a sharp Welcome.

Mont. How pass'd the Interview betwixt you? Was
Your Husband loud?

Fra. What e'er he was, she's Dumb.

Isa. What's that Dumb! A Woman Dumb?
And under Provocation——Go Sir,
And preach this Passive Nonsence to your Slaves,
Try how the Charm will work—This is hard Penance [*Aside.*
To Insult my kindest Friend, and more than Brother.

Are

Are all these Ruines of my former Beauties, [*To Bra.*
Laid out on a Whore's Triumph?
Fra. Do you hear,
Look upon other Women, with what Patience
They suffer these slight Wrongs.
Isa. Tell me of Precedents?
Let Politicians, Poets, Pedants,
Physicians, Petty-foggers, follow Precedents;
I'm an Original.
Fra. Not worth the Copying.
Isa. O that I were a Man, or now had Power
To execute my Wishes,
I wou'd whip some with Scorpions.
Mont. What! turn'd Fury?
Isa. Hold; I'le publish a Decree,
That Ladies look well to their Hearts— Marriage is
A Lottery! Ten Blanks to a Prize; the Bride will turn to Wife,
Queen for a Day, and Slave for all her Life.
Bra. What can you make of this?
Mont. I know not, Mystery or Madness.
Isa. If you'll bind me down to Presidents,
Your Modern are too mean--Let me have Musick,
Banquets and Revels, all the pomp of Pleasure,
T'out-shine *Semiramis* and *Cleopatra*———
Fra. Witchcraft and Sorcery!
Isa. I pray Sir tell me, [*Aside to Bra.*
How like you my Performances?
Bra. Admirable, and like a topping Actress.
Isa. The Part's new,
And never to be play'd again.
Mont. Distraction! Phrensy!
Isa. Sir, by your reverend Leave,
Church-men shou'd never be Censorious; Phrensy?
You shall have Proofs I am in sober Sadness———
Brother draw near, and you my Lord *Cardinal*———
Sir, let me borrow of you but one Kiss, [*To* Bra. *Aside.*
Henceforth I'le never Bed with you; be this my Witness,
This Wedding Ring.
Fra. How?

Isa. And

Isa. And this Divorce shall be as duly kept,
As if in throng'd Court thousand Ears had heard,
And thousand Lawyers seal'd the Separation.
Bra. Never more Bed with me!
Isa. Let not my former Dotage,
Make thee an Unbeliever, this my Vow
Shall never be Repeal'd by Recantation.
Bra. Support me Love, this is a stunning Blow!
Who waits there fetch the Prince,
Come Sir for pitty's sake——And you, my Lord, [*To* Francisco
Your Word shou'd carry Authority. *to* Mont.
Fra. I've done—Enjoy your Rashness, keep your Vow,
And take your Chamber.
Isa. No Sir,
I'le instantly to *Padua.*
Mont. To *Bedlam.*
Fra. The only Cure is to Indulge her Humour.
Bra. You see 'tis none of my seeking! [*Enter* Giovanni.
Fra. To have her come
To my Lord Cardinal to beg a Dispensation
Of her rash Vow! O 'twill breed excellent Laughter!
Bra. O *Isabella* my perpetual Bride!
What must our Loves before our Life divide?
Had I, who am the Sufferer, been the Offender
What cou'd I more? See on his bended Knee,
The injur'd Husband sues for Reconcilement!
Gio. Speak Madam, why d'ye Weep? [Isabella *looks by Turns upon her Husband and Child, then Swoons with Passion.*
I've seen you Weep before; but these are angry Tears:
If I'm in fault, I come to ask Forgiveness;
Chide me, but tenderly, as you were wont to do,
And so be Friends again!
Bra. Help, Help all! But all I fear too late!
My *Isabella*, will you, can you leave me?
Like an unmatched Turtle to retire
And pine in Shades?
Isa. That was my dear Lord's Voice, and sounded kind,
Where is my Love——Ah! flattering Vision!
So slumbring Prisoners of a Pardon Dream,

And

And wake to Execution! Off! Unhand me;
I was your Bond-ſlave; but the Contract's cancel'd:
Now free as Air, and wilder than the Wind.
Ha! My poor Boy! O 'tis too much to bear! [*Aſide.*
Bra. That's well retriev'd.
Iſa. Have you not heard how Cloud compelling *Jove*,
With hizzing Bolts the rattling Tempeſt drove;
But *Juno*, when ſhe did a Rival ſee,
Lighten'd and thunder'd twice as loud as He?
Bra. Rare Counterfeit, how it makes my politick Engins ſtare,
Iſa. So the Gulph's ſhot; the raving Feaver ſpent, (Ha, ha!
And I grow ſick at Heart!
Now for the parting Pang, one dear laſt Look;
And yet another laſt—— Down ſtubborn Woe,
Break ſuffering Heart, in ſilent Sorrow break:
Thoſe are the killing Griefs that dare not ſpeak. [*Exit with* Giov.
Bra. You ſee, my Lord, 'tis poſſible
For ableſt Politicians to miſtake;
I was th' Aggreſſor.
Fra. Well, Sir, we beg your Pardon, if in Fault.
Mont. And, Sir, be you advis'd how dangerous 'tis
To inſult too ſoon. [*Officers of the Inquiſition Court appear.*
Fra. O, you are welcome:
Is your Court ſummon'd?
Off. All in Readineſs, the Priſoner's brought to th' Bar.
Mont. *Vittoria* apprehended?
Off. In Cuſtody, my Lord.
Bra. Ha! Pris'ners, Cuſtody, *Vittoria!*
The matter Lords? Theſe Ravens never croak
But Miſchief's near.
Mont. The Miſchief's come already;
Our drowzy Politicks have watcht, it ſeems,
While yours was faſt—— *Camillo* our Commiſſion'd Kinſman
With other Captains met to paſs the laſt Night
In Sailors Merriment, and drinking Healths,
To their boon Voyage—— A long Night for him——
He's dead.
Bra. What's that to the Lady?
Was ſhe Commiſſion'd too?

Fra. Nor was your *Flamineo*,
Yet he was present—— If y'are disposed
For further Information—— you may grace
The Tryal with your Presence.
Bra. If 'twas Design, your swift Intelligence
Carries a scurvy Face.
Mont. Honest *Marcello*
Sent instant notice for a Guard to come
And seize the Company. [*Ex.* Franc. *and* Mont.
Bra. The Riddle's out.
Flamineo charg'd as Agent, and *Vittoria*
As accessary——— Be't as 'twill,
Such over-speedy Justice is Injustice:
I will make't my Precedent.
With me th' endang'ring of a Mistress's Life,
Is ample Warrant to dispatch a Wife.

SCENE *changes to a Court of Justice shew'd as sitting for* Vittoria's *Arraignment, six Lieger Ambassadors as Auditors.*

Enter Francisco, Montacelsi, *with a Chancellor and Register.*

Fra. You have dealt discreetly to obtain the Presence
Of all the Lords Ambassadors, to hear *Vittoria*'s Tryal.
Mont. 'Twas not ill :
For, Sir, you know we have only Circumstances
To charge her with, about her Husband's Death ;
Their Approbations therefore to the Proofs,
Will put the better Face on our Proceedings,
To all our Neighbouring States—— Think you, Sir,
That *Brachiano* will be here?
Fra. O, Sir, 'twere Impudence too palpable.
[Vittoria *brought in guarded*, Marcello, Flamineo, Zanche, *and after them* Brachiano *enters.*
Mont. Forbear, my Lord, here is no Place assign'd you ;
This Business by the Conclave is left wholly
To our Examination.
Bra. May it thrive with you.
Fra. A Chair there for his Grace.
Bra. Forbear your Kindness: an unbidden Guest [*Lays a rich Gown under him.*
Brings his own Seat.

Mont. At

Mont. At your Pleasure, Sir.
Stand to the Table, Lady——— Now, Segnior,
Fall to your Plea.
Lawy. Domine, Judex, Converte Oculos———
Vitt. What's He?
Mont. A Lawyer that pleads against you.
Vitt. Then let him speak his usual Tongue,
I'll make no Answer else.
Mont. Why, you understand *Latin?*
Vitt. I do, Sir, but some o'th' Auditory
Are ign'rant in't.
I will not have my Accusation clouded
With a strange Tongue—— All this Assembly
Shall know the worst that you can charge me with.
Mont. Then since you force me to assume the Charge,
I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your Follies in more natural Red and White,
Than that upon your Cheeks.
Vitt. O you mistake:
You raise a Blood more virtuous, on this Cheek,
Than ever was your Mother's.
Mont. I must spare you till Proof;
Observe this Person here, my Honourable Lords,
A Woman of a most prodigious Spirit———
Vitt. My Honourable Lords,
It does not suit a Reverend Cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.
Mont. You see, my Lords, what goodly Fruit she seems,
Yet I'll but touch her, and you strait shall see
She'll fall to Soot and Ashes.
Vitt. Your poisoning Apothecary should do that.
Mont. Who knows not how, when several Nights together
Her Gates were choakt with Coaches, and her Room
Out-brav'd the Stars with sundry kinds of Lights,
When she did counterfeit a Prince's Court
With musical Banquets and most riotous Revels:
This Curtezan———
Vitt. Ha! What's that?
Mont. Shall I expound it to you? What are Harlots?

What are They ? —— They are first
Sweet-meats that rot the Eater ; in Man's Nostrils
Poison'd Perfumes : They are couzening Alchymy :
Shipwrecks in calmest Weather —— What are Harlots ?
They are those flattering Bells have all one Tune
For Weddings and for Funerals ——

Vitt. This Character 'scapes me.

Mont. You Sorceress ? who have extracted
Into your own hot Veins,
From venom'd Beasts and rankest Minerals,
The deadliest Poison ——

Fr. Emb. She has liv'd sumptuously.

Sp. Emb. True, but the Cardinal's too bitter.

Mont. You know what's next the Devil ; Adultry
First enters, and then Murder.

Fra. Your unhappy Husband
Is dead.

Vitt. O, he's a happy Husband !
He now owes Nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting Engine, an active Plot,
He jumpt into his Grave.

Vit. What's this to Me ?

Mont. Now mark each Circumstance,
And look upon this Creature was his Wife ;
She comes not like a Widow, she comes arm'd
With Scorn and State. Is this a Mourning Habit ?

Vitt. Had I fore-known his Death, as you suggest,
I'd have bespoke my Mourning,

Mont. O, you are cunning.

Vitt. You shame your Wit and Judgment
To call that so, which is my just Defence.
Let me appeal then from this Civil Court,
To the uncivil *Tartar.*

Mont. See, my Lords, she scandals
Our Proceedings.

Vitt. Humbly thus,
Thus low to the most Worthy and Respected [*Kneels.*
The Lords Embassadors ; in Modesty
(Our Sex's Badge) I bow ; but am withal

So

So intangl'd in a ſpightful Accuſation,
That my Defence of force, like *Perſeus*,
Muſt perſonate Maſculine Virtue ——— [*Riſes.*
Find me but Guilty, ſever Head and Body,
We'll part good Friends —— I ſcorn to hold my Life
At your's, or any Man's Intreaty.
E. Emb. She has a brave Spirit.
Vitt. Terrifie Babes my Lords with painted Goblins;
I'm paſt ſuch childiſh Uſage—for your Names
Of Harlot, Whore and Murd'reſs, they proceed from you,
As if a Man ſhould ſpit againſt the Wind,
The filth returns in's Face.
Mon. Pray ſatisfie the Court of one ſhort Queſtion,
Who viſited you on that fatal Night
Your Husband's Neck was broke?
Bra. That Queſtion, touches me; I was there [*Riſing up.*
Mon. Your Buſineſs?
Bra. I came to Comfort her,
And take ſome courſe for ſetlling her Eſtate,
Becauſe I knew her Husband was in Debt,
To you my Lord.
Mon. Who made you Overſeer?
Bra. Charity, my Charity, which ſhould flow
From every Generous and Noble Spirit,
To Orphans and to Widows.
Mon. Charity! your Luſt———
Bra. Cowardly Dogs bark loudeſt; Reverend Sir,
I ſhall talk with you hereafter—do you hear,
The Sword you frame of ſuch an excellent Temper,
I'le ſheath in your own Bowels. [*Going out.*
Serv. My Lord your Gown ——— [ſhion
Bra. Thou Lyeſt; 'twas my Cuſhion; I ſcorn to take a Cu-
Out of another's Lodging; let him make Vallance
For's Bed on't, or a Demi-Foot-Cloth
For his moſt reverend Mule——*Montacelſi*,
Nemo me impune Laceſſit [*Ex* Bra.
Mon. your Champion's gone.
Vitt. The Woolf may prey the better.
Fra. My Lord there's ſtrong ſuſpicion of the Murder,

But

But no ſound Proof who did it: For my part
I do not think ſhe has a Soul ſo Black;
Let paſs the Charge of Blood, only deſcend
To matter of Incontinence.
Vitt. I diſcern Poyſon,
Under your guilded Pills.
Mon. Now the Dukes gone, I will produce a Letter
Wherein it was Plotted, I pray read it,
I ſhame to ſpeak the reſt?
Vitt. Grant I was Tempted,
Temptation proves not Guilt.
You read his hot Love to me, but you want
My froſty Anſwer.
Mon. Froſt in Dog-days.
Vitt. Sum up my Faults, I pray, and you ſhall find,
That Beauty, and gay Cloaths, a chearful Heart,
Are all the Crimes that you can charge me with.
Mon. If a Fury,
Did ever take fair ſhape behold it's Picture.
Vitt. You have one Vertue left; you will not flatter me.
Mon. My Lord Duke ſent to you a thouſand Duckets
The twelfth of *Auguſt*.
Vitt. 'Twas to keep my Husband your Couſin
From Priſon.
Mon. And you paid Uſe for it.
Vitt. Who ſays ſo but your Self? If you be my Accuſer,
Pray ceaſe to be my Judge; come from the Bench.
Mon. You were born in *Venice*, honourably Deſcended
From the *Vitteli*, 'twas my Couſin's fate,
(Ill may I name the Hour) to Marry you.
Vitt. Ha?
Mon. I yet but draw the Curtain; now to your Picture.
You came from *Venice* with ſuſpected Fame.
Vitt. My Lord;
Mon. Nay hear me,
You ſhall have time to Talk—My Lord *Brachiano*'s,
Alas! I make but Repetition?
Of what is common and Rialto Talk——

You

You Gentlemen, *Marcello* and *Flamineo*,
The Court has nothing now to charge you with,
Only you muſt remain upon your Sureties,
For your Appearance.
Fra. I ſtand for *Marcello*,
Fla. And my Lord Duke for me.
Mon. For you *Vittoria*, your inſolent Demeanour
Joyn'd to the Circumſtances of the Charge,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble Pity,
As you are judg'd an ominous Blazing Star
To Princes, hear your Sentence, you're confin'd
Unto a Houſe of Converts; and your Minion:
Fla. Who I?
Mon. The *Moor*.
Fla. O! I am a ſound Man again.
Vitt. A Houſe of Converts! What's that?
Mon. A Houſe of Penitent Whores.
Vitt. Do the Noblemen in *Rome*,
Erect it for their Wives?
Fra. You muſt have Patience.
Vitt. I muſt firſt have Vengeance.
Mon. Away with her; take her hence.
Vitt. A Rape, a Rape———
Mon. What?
Vitt. Yes, you have raviſh'd Juſtice,
Forc'd her to do your Pleaſure.
Mon. O ſhe's Diſtracted!
Vitt. Dye with thoſe Pills in your perfidious Breaſt,
Should bring you Health, or while you ſit o'th Bench,
Let your own Venom choak you.
Mon. She's turn'd Fury!
Vitt. O Woman's poor Revenge,
Which dwells but in the Tongue——I will not Weep,
No; I do ſcorn to call up one poor Tear
To fawn on your Injuſtice; bear me hence,
Unto this Houſe of——What's your mitigating Title?
Mon. Of Converts.
Vitt. It ſhall not be a Houſe of Converts,
My Mind ſhall make it honeſter to me,

But no ſound Proof who did it: For my part
I do not think ſhe has a Soul ſo Black;
Let paſs the Charge of Blood, only deſcend
To matter of Incontinence.

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Under your guilded Pills.

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Wherein it was Plotted, I pray read it,
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That Beauty, and gay Cloaths, a chearful Heart,
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From the *Vitteli*, 'twas my Couſin's fate,
(Ill may I name the Hour) to Marry you.

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Mon. The *Moor*.
Fla. O! I am a ſound Man again.
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Vitt. Dye with thoſe Pills in your perfidious Breaſt,
Should bring you Health, or while you ſit o'th Bench,
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Unto this Houſe of——What's your mitigating Title?
Mon. Of Converts.
Vitt. It ſhall not be a Houſe of Converts,
My Mind ſhall make it honeſter to me,

Than

Than the Pope's Pallace; and more peaceable
Than thy Soul, tho' thou art a Cardinal:
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your Spight
Through Darkness, Di'monds spread the richest Light. [*Exit* Vitt.
The End of the Second Act. *guarded.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Brachiano *and a* Magician.

Bra. NOW Sir I claim your Promise, 'tis dead Midnight,
The time prefix't to shew me by your Art
How the intended Murder of our Dutchess
Proceeds to Action.
Mag. Noble Sir,
You've won me by your Bounty to a Deed,
I do not care to Practise.
Bra. Do you boggle?
What is it you mistrust, your Skill or me?
Mag. Neither; tho' some there are, I do confess,
Who by Sophistick Tricks aspire the Name
That I would gladly loose of *Necromancer*;
But this is such a woful Scene, and you
So principal an Actor, that I fear
'Twill strike you Sir with Horrour.
Bra. Venture that———
Mag. Then Sir sit down—Here in this Chair 'tis charm'd,
I'll shew you now by my commanding Art
The Circumstance that breaks your Dutchess's Heart.

A Dumb Shew.

Enter suspiciously Julio *and* Guiccardo; *They draw a Curtain where* Brachiano's *Picture is; they put on Spectacles of Glass that cover their Eyes and Noses, then burn Perfumes before the Picture, and wash the Lips; then, quenching the Fire, and putting off their Spectacles, go out Laughing.*

Enter Isabella *as from her Devotion, a Light afore her,* Count Loduvico, Antonio, Giovanni *and others waiting on her, she draws the Curtain of the Picture, and having* Giovanni *by the Hand,*
looks

looks first on the one, then on the other; after paying Reverence, she kisses the Picture, immediately faints, and will not suffer them to come near it. Dies. Sorrow exprest in Giovanni, Lodovico, *&c. They carry her out Solemnly.*

Bra. Excellent! then she's Dead.
Mag. Yes; Poyson'd
By the fum'd Picture; 'twas her Custom Nightly
Before she went to Bed, to come and visit
Your Picture, and to feed her Eyes and Lips,
On the lov'd shadow: Doctor *Julio*
Observing this, infects it with an Oil,
And other poyson'd Stuff, which instantly
Did suffocate her Spirits.
Bra. Methought I saw Count *Lodwick* there.
Mag. He was, and though unknown to her,
A passionate Admirer of the Dutchess.
Bra. Most skilful Sir, you've bound me ever to you;
And let this stand my pledge of farther Payment. [*Ex.* Bra.
Mag. Yes! Dearly hast thou paid,
And dearer yet shalt pay for injur'd Love,
Wretched *Brachiano*!—Oh cou'dst thou foresee
Thy own, as now, thy Dutchess Tragedy——
But 'tis the Fate of Vice on shelves to run,
And never see the Danger till undone. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Flamineo.

Flam. I've scap'd the Storm, but left *Vittoria* Stranded, and bound in Honour to get her off; but personal Safety is the first Point of Politicks. I must shift my Flag that's certain; but what Colours to put up, whether Merry, Melancholy or Mad, is the Question. The last has most Priviledges belonging: I'll counterfeit Distraction for the Disgrace of my Sister, 'twill keep of dangerous Questions. I will talk to any Man, answer no Man; and for a time be a politick Mad-man. [*Exit.*

Enter Ludovico, Antonio, Gaſparo.

Ant. My Lord, we griev'd for your Departure;
But more for your Return being ſo dangerous.
'Twas giv'n out here, you were turn'd Pyrat——
Lud. I was engag'd in ſuch an Expedition,
But ſummon'd off by the politick Cardinal
And Duke of *Florence* to ſome Land-Service,
Some dry State-Miſchief, and in ſuch a Poſt,
Where I'd ſerve Volunteer.
Gaſp. Againſt *Brachiano.*
Lud. Driv'n by the double force of Love and Spight;
Hatred to him, Love to his Murder'd Dutcheſs.

Re-enter Flamineo.

Fla. W' indure the ſtroaks of Fortune like hard Steel,
Till Pain it ſelf, makes us no Pain to feel.
Who ſhall do me Right now? Is this the end of Service.
Lud. What can this mean.
Fla. O they have wrought their Purpoſe cunningly,
As if they wou'd not ſeem to do't of Malice.
Gaſp. Yes, it will out at laſt I queſtion not
By Proofs moſt Manifeſt.
Fla. Proofs—'Twas Corruption—Gold, what a Prince art thou! Man, what a Slave art thou——Knaves turn Informers, as Maggots turn to Flies: You may catch Gudgeons with either——A Cardinal? What is there ſo demure, but Money will Corrupt.
Ant. Can this be Artifice.
Fla. *Savages* are honeſt Folk; here they ſell Juſtice by thoſe Weights they preſs Men to Death withal.
Gaſp. Fie *Flamineo.*
Fla. Bells never ring well, till they come to their full Pitch; and the Cardinal never ſpeaks well, till he comes to the Scaffold.
Ant. Ha! ha! ha!
Fla. —Farewel——Let others live by Begging, it's none of em—— doſt hear me? Practiſe the Art of Carrion-Eaters, ſwal-

low

ſow all's giv'n thee: One Purge will make thee as Lank, as he that works in a Saw-Pit——I'le go hear the Screech-Owl.

[*Exit in a wild manner.*

Lud. This was *Brachiano*'s Pandar, and 'tis ſtrange
That in ſuch open and apparent Guilt
Of his Adulterous Siſter, he dares utter
So ſcandalous a Paſſion——I muſt mind him.

Re-enter Flamineo.

Fla. How dares this Baniſh't Count return to *Rome*,
His Pardon not yet purchas'd? I have heard. [*Aſide.*
The deceas'd Dutcheſs gave him Penſion:
And that he came along from *Padua*,
I' th' Train of the young Prince---There's ſomewhat in't,
Phyſicians that cure Poyſons, ſtill do work with Counter-Poyſons.
Mark this ſtrange Encounter.
Melancholy turn thy Gall to Poyſon,
And let the ſtigmatick Wrinkles in thy Face,
Like to the boyſterous Waves in a rough Tide,
One ſtill overtake another.

Lud. I do thank thee; and I do wiſh ingeniouſly,
For thy ſake, the Dog-days all the year long.

Fla. How croaks the Raven?
Is our good Dutcheſs dead?

Lud. Dead.

Fla. O Fate! Misfortune comes like the Coroner's Buſineſs,
Huddle upon Huddle.

Lud. Shall thou and I joyn Houſe-keeping?

Fla. Yes, Content.
Lett's be unſociably Sociable.

Lud. Sit ſome three days together and Diſcourſe——

Fla. Only with making faces,
Lye in our Cloaths.

Lud. With Faggots for our Pillows——

Fla. And be Louſie——

Lud. In Taffata Linings; that's gentile Melancholy:
Sleep all Day.

Fla. Yes: And like your melancholy Hare,
Feed after Midnight.
Lud. We'l never part.
Fla. Never, till the Beggary of Courtiers,
The Discontent of Church-men, Want of Soldiers,
Be taught in our two Lives, [*Enter* Antonio *and* Gaspara.
To Scorn that World, which Life of means deprives.
Ant. My Lord I bring good News: The Pope on's Death-bed,
At the earnest Suit of the great Duke of *Florence*,
Hath sign'd your Pardon, and restor'd unto you———
Lud. I thank you for your News, look up again
Flamineo, see my Pardon.
Fla. Why do you Laugh?
There was no such Condition in our Covenant.
Lud. Why?
Fla. You shall not seem a happier Man than I,
You know our Vow Sir, if you will be Merry,
Do't with a sabby Politician's Face.
Lud. Your Sister is a damnable Whore.
Fla. Ha?
Lud. Look you, I spake that Laughing.
Fla. Dost ever think to speak again.
Lud. Do you hear?
Wil't sell me forty Ounces of her Blood,
To water a Mandrake.
Fla. I do not greatly wonder you did break,
Your Lordship learnt long since, but I'le tell you.
Lud. What?
Fla. And't shall stick by you.
Lud. I long for it.
Fla. This Laughter scurvily becomes your Face, [*Strikes him.*
If you will not be melancholy be Angry.
Mar. You're to blame, I'le force you hence. [*Ex.* Mar. *and* Fla.
Lud. Unhand me,
That e'er I should be forc'd to right my self
Upon a Pandar!
Ant. My Lord!
Lud. H'had as good met with his Fist a Thunder-bolt.

Gasp. How

Gasp. How this shews?
Lud. Misfortune, how did my Sword miss him?
These Rogues that are most weary of their Lives,
Still scape the greatest Dangers.
But let him go, all his Reputation,
Nay, all the Goodness of his Family,
Is not worth half this Earthquake;
I learnt it of no Fencer to shake thus:
Come Sirs——the next turn's Mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Brachiano *at one Door*, Francisco *and* Montacelsi *at the contrary.*

Bra. Now you and I are Friends, Sir, we'll shake hands,
In a Friend's Grave together; a fit Place,
Being the Emblem of soft Peace, to atone our Hatred.
Fra. Sir, what's the Matter?
Bra. I will not chase more Blood from that lov'd Cheek:
You have lost too much already—— Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Fra. How strange these Words sound! What's th' Interpretation?
Fla. Good: This is a Preface to the Discovery of the Dutchess's Death; he carries it well—— Because now I cannot counterfeit a whining Passion for the Death of my Lady, I will feign a mad Humour for the Disgrace of my Sister, and that will keep off idle Questions: I will talk to any Man, hear no Man, and for a time appear a Politick Madman. [*Exit.*

Enter Giovanni *in Mourning*, Ludovico, Gasparo, Antonio, *Attendants.*

Fra. How now my noble Cosin? What, in Black?
Giov. Yes, Uncle; I was taught to imitate you
In Virtue, and you must imitate me
In Colour of your Garments; my sweet Mother
Is——

Fra. How

Fra. How! Where?

Giov. Is there— no, yonder:— Indeed, Sir, I'll not tell you,
For I ſhall make you weep.

Fra. Is dead.

Giov. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you ſo.

Lud. She's dead, my Lord.

Mont. Unhappy Lady!
Thou art now above thy Woes.
Wil't pleaſe your Lordſhips to withdraw a little.

Giov. What do the Dead do, Uncle? Do they eat,
Hear Muſick, go a Hunting and be merry,
As we that live?

Fra. No, Cuz, they ſleep.

Giov. Sleep! —— That I were dead then,
I have not ſlept theſe ſix Nights —— When do they awake?

Fra. Sweet Innocence!

Giov. Let her ſleep ever, for I have known her wake a hundred
When all the Pillow where ſhe laid her Head, (Nights;
Was brine wet with her Tears—— I am to complain to you, Sir.
I'll tell you how they've us'd her now ſhe's dead
They wrapt her in a cruel Fold of Lead,
And would not let me kiſs her.

Fra. Thou did'ſt love her.

Giov. I've often heard her ſay ſhe gave me ſuck,
And it ſhould ſeem by that ſhe dearly lov'd me,
Since Princes ſeldom do it.

Fra. O All of my poor Siſter that remains!
Take him away for pity.

Mon. How now, my Lord?

Fra. Believe me, I am nothing but her Grave,
And I ſhall keep her bleſſed Memory,
Longer than thouſand Epitaphs.

Mont. Come, my Lord, now we are alone let me entreat you,
Untie your folded Thoughts, and let them dangle looſe, as a Bride's
Your Siſter's poiſon'd. (Hair.

Fra. Far be it from my Thoughts to ſeek Revenge.

Mon. What, Are you turn'd all Marble?

Fra. Shall

Fra. Shall I defy him, and impoſe a War
Moſt burthenſom on my poor Subjects Necks,
Which at my Will I have not Power to end.
Mon. That's not the Courſe I'de wiſh you; pray obſerve,
We ſee that Undermining more prevails,
Than doth the Cannon. Bear your Wrongs conceal'd,
And patient as the Tortoiſe; let this Camel
Stalk o'er your Back unbruis'd: Sleep with the Lion,
And let this Brood of ſecure fooliſh Mice,
Play with your Noſtrils, till the time be ripe
For th' bloody Audit, and the fatal Gripe.
Fra. Free me, my Innocence, from treacherous Acts,
I know there's Thunder yonder: and I'll ſtand,
Like a ſafe Valley, which low bends the Knee
To ſome aſpiring Mountain:
To paſs away theſe Thoughts, my honour'd Lord,
It is reported you poſſeſs a Book
Wherein you have quoted, by Intelligence,
The Names of all notorious Offenders,
Lurking about the City.
Mon. Sir, I do; and ſome there are, who call it my black Book.
Fra. Pray let's ſee it.
Mon. I will not truſt thee, but in all my Plots, [*Aſide.*
I'll reſt as jealous as a Town beſieg'd;
Thou canſt not reach what I intend to act;
Your Flax ſoon kindles, ſoon is out again,
But Gold ſlow heats, and long will hot remain.
'Tis here, my Lord. [*Preſents a Book to* Fran.
Fra. Firſt your Intelligencers, pray let's ſee,
Their Number riſes ſtrangely.
Mon. And ſome of them,
You'd take for honeſt Men, the reſt are Panders;
Theſe are your Pyrates; and theſe following Leaves
For baſe Rogues, that undo young Gentlemen
By taking up Commodities; for Politick Bankrupts,
For Fellows that are Bawds to their own Wives.
Fra. Are there ſuch?
Mon. Theſe are impudent Bawds,

That

That go in Man's Apparel; for Usurers
That share with Scriv'ners for a good Report;
For Lawyers that will antedate their Deeds;
Here is a general Catalogue of Knaves:
A Man might study all the Prisons o'er,
Yet never attain this Knowledge.
Fra. Murderers; fold down the Leaf I pray:
Good my Lord, let me borrow this strange Doctrine,
Mon. Pray use't my Lord.
Fra. I do assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy Member of the State,
And have done vast good in your Discovery,
Of these Offenders.
Mon. Somewhat Sir.
Fra. Better than Tribute of Wolves paid in *England.*
'Twill hang their Skins o'th Hedge.
Mon. I must make bold,
To leave your Lordship. [*Exit* Monticelso.
Fra. Dear Sir I thank you.
If any ask for me at Court, report,
You have left me in the Company of Knaves.
Now to the use I'll make of it, it shall serve
To point me out a List of Murderers,
Agents for any Villany.
To fashion my Revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead Sister's Face,
Call for her Picture? No, I'll close my Eyes,
And in a melancholy Thought I'll frame
Her Figure for me. Now I hav't---how strong [*Enter Ghost of* Isabella.
Imagination works! How she can frame
Things which are not! Methinks she stands afore me,
And by the quick Idea of my Mind,
Were my skill Pregnant, I could draw her Picture;
'Tis my Melancholy.
How cam'st thou by thy Death? ——How idle am I,
To question my own Idleness! ——Did ever
Man dream awake till now? Remove this Object
Out of my Brain with't, what have I to do

With

With Tombs and Death-bed's, Funerals or Tears,
That have to meditate upon Revenge!
So now 'tis ended, like an old Wife's Story: [*Ghost sinks.*
Statesmen think often they see stranger Sights,
Than Mad-men, come to this weighty Business;
My Tragedy must have some idle Mirth in't,
Else it will never pass. I am in Love, [*Sits down thinks.*
In Love with *Corombona*; and my Suit
Thus halts to her in Verse——— [*He Writes.*
I have done it rarely, O the Fate of Princes!
I am so us'd to frequent Flattery my self;
But it will serve, 'tis Seal'd; who waits bear this
To'th House of Converts; and watch your Leisure, [*Enter Serv.*
To give it to the hands of *Corombona*,
Or to the Matron, when some Followers
Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away, [*Exit Servant.*
The Engine for my Business, bold Count *Ludowick*,
'Tis Gold must such an Instrument procure,
With empty Fist no Man doth Falcon's Lure.
Brachiano I am now fit for thy Encounter,
Like gathering Thunder my Revenge seems slow,
But fatal when it breaks, you'l find the Blow. [*Ex.* Francisco.

SCENE IV.

A Court-Yard before a Cloyster.

Enter Matron of the Converts and Flamineo.

Mat. Should it be known the Duke has such Recourse
To your imprison'd Sister, I were like
T'incur much Damage by it.
Fla. Not a Scruple.
The Pope is now expir'd, and their wise Heads,
Are troubled now with Business of more Weight,
Than guarding of Ladies. [*Ent. a Servant.*
Serv. Yonder's *Flamineo* in Conference with the Matron.
Let me speak with you———

I would intreat you to deliver for me,
This Letter to the fair *Vittoria* :
Hereafter you ſhall know me, and receive
Thanks for this Curteſy. [*Exit.*

Fla. How now, what's that ?

Mat. A Letter. [*Enter* Brachiano.

Fla. To my Siſter! I'll ſee't deliver'd.

Bra. What's that you read *Flamineo* ?

Fla. Look.

Bra. Ha ! To the moſt unfortunate his beſt reſpected *Vittoria.*
Who was the Meſſenger ?

Fla. I know not.

Bra. No ? Who ſent it ?

Fla. You ſpeak as if a Man
Should know what Fowl is coffin'd in a baked Meat,
Before you cut it up. [*rence,*

Bra. I'll open't, wer't his Heart--What's here Subſcrib'd *Flo-*
This Juggling is too groſs and palpable.
Read it.

Fla. Your Fears I'll turn to Triumphs, be but Mine,
Your Prop is fall'n, it grieves me that a Vine,
Which Princes heretofore have wiſh'd to gather,
Wanting Supporters, now ſhou'd fade and wither.

Bra. Wine, Wine, with Lees would ſerve his turn.

Fla. Your ſad Impriſonment, I'll ſoon uncharm,
And with a Princely unreſiſted Arm,
Bear you to *Florence*, where my Love and Care,
Shall hang your Wiſhes in my Silver Heir.

Bra. A Halter on his damn'd Equivocation.

Flo. Nor for my years return me the ſad Willow,
None prefer Bloſſoms before fruit that's Mellow. [ſtraw.

Bra. Rotten to my knowledge with lying too long 'ith Bead-

Fla. And all the Lines of Age, this Line Convinces;
The God's never wax Old, no more do Princes.

Bra. Tear it, let's ha'no more Atheiſm.
I have a lucky and ſurprizing Thought
To Counter-blaſt this undermining Mole,
O're-reach this Politick Duke in his own Plot.

Fla.

Fla. As how my Lord?
Bra. The ſelf ſame Project, which the Duke of *Florence*
Lays down for her Eſcape, will I Purſue.
Fla. To ſteal *Vittoria* hence.
Bra. Immediately.
Fla. And no time fitter than this Night my Lord,
The Pope being Dead, and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclave for Electing a new Pope.
The City in a great Confuſion,
We may attire her in a Page's Habit,
And Poſt away for *Padua.*
Bra. We loſe Time.
Inſtantly ſteal forth the Prince *Giovanni,*
And ſtraight for *Padua*——You two with the old Mother,
And young *Marcello* that attends on *Florence,*
[If you can work him to it] follow me.
I will Advance you all——for you my dear *Vittoria,*
Think of a Dutcheſs Title.
Fla. This has a Spirit,
And Wings us all like Lightning. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Captain with Guards and a Courtier.

Court. Here Captain is your Poſt, your Charge is great,
So be your Care.
Capt. Sir I ſhall do my Duty.

Enter Franciſco *on the other ſide with* Ludovico, Gaſparo *and* Ant. *He ſteps over to the Officer.*

Fran. So my Lord, I do commend your Diligence,
Guard well the Conclave, and as the Order is,
Let none have Conference with the Cardinals.
[*He comes back to* Lud. Gaſp. *and* Ant.]
Remember Gentlemen, you have all ſworn
To proſecute the Murder of *Brachiano.*

Ant. We have Sir.

Lud. Your bounty Sir will mind 'em of their Promiſe,
They never fail'd at Miſchief. And for me,
Revenge will be your beſt Remembrancer.
I was enamour'd on *Brachiano*'s Dutcheſs,
The virtuous *Iſabella*, your fair Siſter,
Tho' ſhe ne'er knew it—ſhe was poiſon'd Sir,
Upon my Life ſhe was, for which I've Sworn
Long ſince, to avenge her Murder on *Brachiano*.

Enter Servant.

Fra. Peace, here comes a Meſſenger;
If hopes deceive me not, I gueſs his Errand.
Well Sir, your Buſineſs.

Serv. *Vittoria* my Lord——

Fra. What of her?

Serv. Is fled the City.

Fra. Fled?

Serv. With Duke *Brachiano*.

Fra. Where's the Prince?

Serv. Gone with his Father.

Fra. Let the Matron of the Converts be Apprehended.
Go ſignifie Our Orders, and ſee 'em executed—— *Exit Servant.*
How fortunate are my Wiſhes! Why 'twas this
I labour'd for; 'twas I that ſent the Letter,
T'inſtruct him what to do, and point the way
To Marry his own Whore.

Gaſ. 'Twill blaſt his Fame,
But renders our Attempt more difficult.

Lud. Already my quick Thoughts ſuggeſt the way
How to approach his Perſon unſuſpected
In his own Palace, and amidſt his Guards.

Fra. Moſt of his Court of my Faction.

Lud. We but loſe time, let's after him to *Padua*,
Where like a cautious Stateſman, I'll inſtruct you
What your Commiſſion is, when you arrive
The Place of Action.

Fra.

Fra. I approve that Method.
I only recommend Dispatch, and leave
The rest to Fate and you.
Ant. Depend upon't,
Fra. Success attend your Enterprize.
Gasp. We carry that along with us
In our own firm Resolves.
Fra. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*
Court. Back there, clear the Way, Room for the Embassadors.

[*Embassadors enter to the Conclave.*]

Capt. They are wondrous brave to day, why do they wear
These several Habits.
Court. O Sir, they are Knights of the several Orders;
That Lord 'ith' black Cloak with the Silver Cross,
Is Knight of *Rhodes:* The next Knight of St. *Michael*,
That of the Golden Fleece: The *Frenchman* there,
Knight of the Sacred Order, my Lord of *Savoy*
Knight of the Annuntiation; the *Englishman*
Is Knight of the Honoured Garter. I could describe to you
Their several Institutions, with their Laws
Annexed to their Orders: But you see
The Cardinals Service Marshall'd, and the Officer
Appointed to inspect each Mess that's serv'd in.

[*Servants enter with several cover'd Dishes, an Officer Inspecting.*]

Off. Stand, let me search your Dish; Who's this for?
Serv. For my Lord Cardinal *Montacelsi.*
Off. Who's this?
Serv. For my Lord Cardinal of *Bourbon.*
Capt. Why does he search their Dishes?
Court. To prevent foul Practice.
Lest any Letters should be convey'd in
To bribe or to sollicit the Advancement
Of any Cardinal: When first they enter,
'Tis lawful for the Embassadors of Princes

To enter with them, and to make their Suit
For any Candidate their Prince affects.
But after till a general Election,
No man may ſpeak with them.

Capt. 'Tis orderly.

Court. You that attend the Lords Cardinals,
Open the Window and receive their Viands.

[*A Cardinal appears.*]

Card. You muſt return the Service, the Lords Cardinals are buſy in electing a new Pope. They have giv'n over Scrutiny, and now are fall'n to Nomination.

Court. I'll lay a thouſand Duckets you hear News of of a Pope preſently,—— Hark! ſurely he's elected.
Behold my Lord of *Arragon* appears
On the Church Battlements.

Arr. *Annuntio vobis Gaudium, Reverendiſſimus Cardinalis Lozenzo de Montacelſi electus eſt, & elegit ſibi Nomen Quartum.*

[*Flouriſh and Shouts.* Montacelſi *in State, follow'd by the Conclave. A Paper deliver'd to him.*]

Mont. Vittoria, my Lords, is fled the City:
Stol'n from the Houſe of Converts, by *Brachiano.*
Now tho' this be the firſt Day of our Seat,
We cannot do a more Religious Service
Than by ſequeſtring theſe two curſed Perſons.
Make therefore Publication of our Sentence
Againſt them both: All that are theirs in *Rome*,
We likewiſe baniſh: On, ſet on. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Brachiano's *Palace.*

Enter Flamineo *and* Marcello. Flamineo *in a Masquerading Dress, a Vizard in his Hand.*

Fla. BRother, good welcome to us, welcome to *Padua:*
In all the weary Minutes of our Life,
Day ne'er broke out till now ——
This Marriage of our Sister with the Duke,
Confirms us happy —— Still that soure Camp Look!
Consider you're at Court, Man —— You intend
To make one in the Masquerade to Night?
Mar. I relish not these Fooleries of Court:
Methinks a foppish mumming Dress and Vizard,
As ill becomes a Soldier as a Priest.
Fla. It worse becomes a Soldier to turn Cynick.
Mar. O this unfortunate Sister!
I wou'd my Dagger's Point had cleft her Heart,
When first she saw *Brachiano* —— You ['tis said]
Were made his Engine and his stalking Horse
To undo my Sister.
Fla. I was a kind of Path
To Her's and my own Preferment.
Mar. To your Ruine.
Fla. Hum! Thou art a Soldier:
What has't got by't?
Mar. Sir.
Fla. Thou hast scarce Maintenance
To keep thee in fresh Shammoyes.
Mar. Brother.
Fla. Hear me: Thou feed'st thy Master's Victories,
As Witches do their serviceable Spirits,

Even

Even with thy prodigal Blood; Where's the Reward?
Fame, Service to the Publick; a wise Reckoning!
Can'st purchase Land with't?— come, when Age shall turn thee
White as a blooming Hawthorn——

Mar. I'll interrupt you.
For love of Virtue, bear an honest Heart,
And stride o'er ev'ry politick Respect,
Which where they most advance, they most infect.
Were I your Father, as I am your Brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better Patrimony.

Fla. Well, I'll think on't.

Enter Ludovico *disguis'd like a Moor*, Antonio *and* Gasparo *in Capuchin's Habits, bearing their Swords and Helmets before 'em.*

Mar. More Mimickry?

Fla. Why, that's the valiant *Moore*,
A Man of your own Function.

Mar. Mulinassar?

Fla. The same newly Arriv'd.

Mar. Have you confer'd with him?

Fla. Yes in the Duke's Closet.

Mar. I have not seen a goodlier Personage.

Fla. Nor ever talk'd Man better experienc'd
In State Affairs, or Rudiments of War:
He has by Report serv'd the *Venetian*
In *Candy*, these twice seven years, and been Chief
In many a bold Design.

Mar. What are these two that bear him Company?

Fla. Two Noblemen of *Hungary* [that living in the Emperor's Service as Commanders eight Years, since contrary to the expectation of all the Court] enter'd into Religion in the strict Order of *Capuchine's*; but being not well settled in their Resolution, they left their Order, and return'd to Court; for which being afterwards troubled in Conscience, they vow'd their Service against Infidels, went to *Malta*, and were there Knighted, and in

in their return back, [at this great Solemnity] they resolve for ever to forsake the World, and settle themselves here in a House of *Capuchines*, in *Padua*.

Mar. 'Tis strange.

Fla. One thing makes it so; they have vow'd for ever to wear, next to their bare Bodies, those very Coats of Male they serv'd in.

Mar. Hard Penance——The *Moor*'s Business?

Fla. To offer his Service to our Duke;
Because he understands there's like to grow
War betwixt us and the great Duke of *Florence*,
In which he hopes Preferment.

Florish, Enter in State Brachiano, Vittoria, *with Guards and Train.*

Bra. You are nobly welcome, we have heard at full,
Your Honourable Service 'gainst the *Turk*.
To you brave *Mulinassar* we assign
A compleat Pension, and are only sorry,
The Vows of these two worthy Gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer'd Bounty:
Your Wish is, you may leave your Warlike Sword,
For Monuments in our Chappel; I accept it
As a great Honour done me, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our Dutchess Revels
Only one as the last Vanity,
You e'er shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a a Barriers perform'd to Night,
You shall have private Standings.

Lud. I shall perswade 'em.

Bra. I formerly have known
To touch a Lance, 'twas our Youth's Exercise,
Our self will make one at these Turnaments:
Set on then to the Presence. [*Exit. Manent Conspirators, and* Flamineo *on the other side.*

Several Ladies Masqu'd, pass over the Stage.

Fla. There goes the Covey, I must single out one before the Ball (begins,
'Tis the right use of Masquerading. *Exit.*

Lud. Ha, ha, ha! Thus far our Plot thrives well,
A Barrier fought to Night to grace his Nuptials;
He could not have invented his own Ruine,
[Had he despair'd] with more Dexterity.

Ant. As how my Lord?

Lud. T' have poyson'd his Prayer-Book or Beads,
Or Pummel of his Saddle, his Looking-Glass,
Or handle of his Racket; had been Vulgar.
I'll take him off in all his Pomp and Bravery:
These Turnaments shall be his Obsequies;
You have Implements of Death in readiness.

Gasp. Ponyard or Poyson, for, like dext'rous Artists,
We carry still our Instruments about us.

Lud. Along with me, I'll set you soon to Work. [*Exeunt.*

[*As they go off*, Zanche *enters in a Vizard and Masquerade Dress.*]

Zanch. That *Moor*'s my Country-man, a goodly Person,
I will at leasure Discourse with him in our Language—What's here,
Flamineo encountring with a Masque? That's well,
The Lady slights him. [Flamineo *returns, dragging in one of the Masque-Women, she breaks from him.*

Fla. Coyness in a Masque?

Zan. I'll take advantage of the Accident,
And this Disguise to try his Constancy.
If he has flatter'd me, Revenge shall teach him,
What 'tis to wrong the *Moor*. [*Goes up to him.*
Despair not slighted Sir, ye're in a Court, Love's Market,
Where all Wares goes off to one or other.

Fla. I'me for the first kind Bidder.

Zan. You are *Flamineo.*

Fla. You are a Witch.

Zan. I know you are *Flamineo*, I saw you unvizarded but now.

Fla.

Fla. You ſaw a worſe Face then: 'Twas my ill Fortune.
Zan. Neither your Face nor Fortune are to blame,
This Accident may turn to your Advantage;
Retire with me, and I'll inſtruct you.
Fla. You'l find me an apt Scholar, my Apartment's
Here i'th' Gallery, very private,—— — never
Was Thief that had ſtol'n a rich Cabinet,
So impatient to uneaſe it.
Zan. Soft Sir, you firſt muſt ſatisfie me about a ſmall Scruple,
Fla. What?
Zan. Of Conſcience.
Fla. How Conſcience in Vizard?
Zan. 'Tis ſaid you have been Carnal with a *Moor*.
Fla. You mean *Zanche*?
Zan. And are Enamour'd on her.
Fla. That's Carbonado'd.
Zan. You love the Infidel, have ſworn it to her.
Fla. I own I have made Love to the *Moor*,
And I do Love her——— juſt as a Man holds
A Wolf by the Ears———
Zan. And but for her turning upon you, and tearing your (Throat.
Fla. You are an Oracle.
Zan. She's Conſcious then, I gueſs, of ſome ſweet
Pranks of yours——— It muſt be ſo———
———Come be a kind Flatterer at leaſt, and
Make me believe your Proteſtations to her
Were not the effect of Love, but Intereſt.
Fla. What ſhall I ſwear by Friends, or Fury's?
Or by that more Infernal *Moor* her ſelf.
Zan. Yet 'tis reported ſhe claims Marriage of you.
Fla. Why, I have made her ſuch a dark Promiſe, and in ſeeking to fly from it, I run like a frighted Dog with a Bottle at his Tail.
Zan. So.
Fla. Not a word more of that Succubus, in preſence of my *Venus*. Your Face muſt anſwer the Character, that Mien and Shape and Wit are Sureties for it.
Zan. You'l ſwear that too.

Fla. What ſhould Beauty do in a Vail—unſhroud my *Cynthia*,
And bleſs me with your Illuſtrious Face.

Zan. To gratifie my dear *Endymion*. [*Unmaſques.*

Fla. A moſt Illuſtrious Face indeed.

Zan. Villain, perfideous Villain.

Fla. Ha, ha, ha, my charming Daughter of Darkneſs, I think I have met with you for your Jealouſy——Did not I act it rarely?

Zan. You knew me then?

Fla. Knew thee? There's Sympathy in true Affection, that ſees thro' all Diſguiſes——I ſhould chide you now——But this fooliſh eaſie Nature of mine,——Well 'twas great *Mark Anthony*'s weakneſs, with his Sun-burnt Miſtreſs——Come my *Cleopatra*, our bickering, like theirs, muſt end in kind Embraces.

Zan. Go, go, you know too well my eaſie Nature. [*Whilſt he unlocks the Door, ſhe ſpeaks under.*
Now will I put on another Vizard of Diſſimulation.
Enter the Room with him,
And ſtudy a Moor's Revenge, whilſt in his very Arms.

Fla. Conſider my dear Child of Night, time's pretious.

Zan. Dear Tempter, why will you preſs me thus knowing my Frailty.

Fla. For that reaſon, come thou ſhalt. [*Kiſſes her.*

Enter Marcello.

Mar. I'm ſick of this Court-Air, ſtifl'd with Perfumes,
And muſt have Breathing-room—Ha. [*Sees* Flam.

Fla. Where are ye, you lying Poets, you that daub'd o'er a *Phillis* or *Cloris*'s Green-Sickneſs Face with Poetical Paint, Here's Roſe and Lilly; Nector and Ambroſia. [*Kiſſes her again, and pulls to the Door.*

Mar. Brother,

Fla. Ha!

Mar. Is this your Pearch you Haggard? Hence to th' Stew's.

Zan. Ruffian, you ſhall be clapt by th' Heels for this,
For thus affronting one of Quality.

Mar.

Mar. Quality! I ſaw your helliſh Face unmaſqu'd,
More frightful than your Vizzard.
Zan. Rogue in Shammy, Is this your Camp-breeding, to play the Ruffian in Court?
Mar. You're a Strumpet, an impudent one.
Fla. Why d'y' kick her?
Mar. She brags you're to marry her.
Fla. What then?
Mar. I had rather ſhe were pitch'd upon a Stake
In ſome new ſeeded Garden, to affright
Her Siſter's Crow's thence.
Fla. You're a Boy, a Fool;
Be Guardian to your Hound, I am of Age.
Mar. If I take her near you, I'll cut her Throat.
Fla. With a Tun of Feathers.
Mar. And for You,
I'll whip this Folly from you.
Fla. Are ye cholerick, Bully? I'll purge't with Rhubarb.
Mar. This to your elder Brother!
Fla. Brother! Hang ye.
You wrong me moſt that ſhould offend me leaſt.
Brother!
I do ſuſpect my Mother play'd foul play
When ſhe conceiv'd thee.
Mar. Now (forgive me Nature!)
Like the two ſlaughter'd Sons of *Oedipus*
The very Flames of our Affection
Shall turn two ways —— revile our Mother's Honour!
Theſe execrable! I'll make thee expiate
With thy Heart's Blood.
Fla. White-liver'd Daſtard —— Bully.
You ſee I am unarm'd, and take your time.
Mar. If thou art Brave, as thou art Inſolent,
Here take my Sword, and fit the Length of 't.
Fla. I ſhall, Sir. [Exit *with the Sword.*

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Marcello, ſtay ; wherefore were you ſo loud ?
Who brok'ring with ? Who was your Oppoſite ?
And what's your Quarrel ?
Mar. You ſee here's no Antagoniſt.
Cor. Nay, Sir,
I heard your Brother's Voice too.
Mar. 'Twas your Fancy.
Cor. Will you diſſemble ? Son, you do not well,
To fright me thus ; you never look thus pale,
But when you are moſt angry —— I do charge you
Upon my Bleſſing —— nay, I'll call the Duke,
And he ſhall chide you.
Mar. Publiſh not a Fear
Which will convert to Laughter —— Hear me, Madam,
This was my Father's Picture.
Cor. Yes.
Mar. I have heard you ſay when in your Arms you carry'd
My younger Brother, how he took this Picture,
And by portentous Force with's Infant Hands
Half tore it as in Scorn and Indignation.
Cor. Yes, but 'twas mended.
Mar. Such early Sacriledge was ſurely ominous
And moſt ill-boding ; what ! thoſe awful Features !
Pray mark 'em ! I cou'd dwell an Age upon 'em,
And almoſt pay this Image Adoration.
Cor. Thrice pious Youth, and Comfort of my Soul.
Fla. I have brought your Weapon back. [*Re-enter* Flam.
Cor. O Horror !
Mar. You have brought it home indeed.
Cor. Help, Murder, Help.
Fla. D'ye turn your Gill up ? I'll to Sanctuary,
And ſend a Surgeon to you. [*Exit.*
Mar. O Mother ! now remember what I told you
[*Enter* Lud. Gaſp. *and* Ant.
About the mangled Picture of my Father.

There

There are ſome Sins, that have their Puniſhment
In a whole Family——— This it is to riſe
By baſe diſhoneſt means—— Farewel. [*Dies*

Cor. O my perpetual Sorrow!

Lud. Read you here,
The Meaning of the Outcry——— Virtuous *Marcello.*

Gaſp. He's dead; pray leave him Lady.

Ant. Come, you muſt. [*They take him up.*

Cor. Alas! he is not dead, he's but in a Trance; why, Sir, here's no body ſhall get any thing by his Death, let me call him again for pity ſake.

Lud. I wiſh you were deceiv'd.

Cor. O! you abuſe me; how many have gone away thus for lack of Tendance——— Rear up his Head, his Bleeding inward kills him.

Ant. You ſee he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him: Give me him as he is. If he be turn'd to Earth, I'll moulder with him in one Tomb. Reach a Glaſs hither, and ſee if's Breath will ſtain it. Cordials quickly. O Savages! will you looſe him for a little Pains taking?

Lud. Your kindeſt Office, is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas! He's young enough to lay me in the Ground, let me come to him.

Enter Brachiano *in Armour, all but his Head, a Page bearing his Beaver,* Flamineo *driven in before 'em.*

Bra. Where were you poſting with ſuch guilty Haſte, [*To* Flam.
And thoſe diſtracted Looks? Wherefore on wing,
After a hideous Outcry in our Court?
Who call'd out Murder? [*To the Company.*

Lud. That ſpeechleſs Oracle can beſt reſolve
That Queſtion.

Bra. Was this your Handy-work?

Fla. 'Twas my Misfortune.

Cor. He lies, he lies, he did not kill him; 'twas theſe that mur-

murder'd him, who wou'd not suffer him to be better look'd to.

Bra. Take Comfort, my griev'd Mother.

Cor. Out Screech-Owl.

Lud. Forbear, good Madam.

Cor. Let me go — [*Breaks from them, runs to* Flamineo *with her Ponyard drawn, coming to him gazes, and lets it fall.*

The injur'd Powers forgive thee : Do'st not wonder
I pray for thee —— I'll tell thee what's the Reason :
I have scarce Breath to number twenty Minutes,
And would not have them spent in Cursing : Fare thee well :
Half of thy self lies there : And may'st thou live
To fill an Hour-glass with his moulder'd Ashes,
To tell how thou should'st pass thy time to come,
In sad Repentance.

Bra. Pray tell me, Madam,
How came he by his Death ?

Cor. Indeed my Boy that's dead, presum'd too much
Upon his Manhood ; gave him bitter Words,
Drew his Sword first, and so I know not how
[For I was past my Sences] fell with's Head
Just in my Bosom.

Page. This is not true, Sir ;
For as I cross'd the Passage with your Beaver,
I saw at distance ———

Cor. Peace, I pray thee Peace ;
One Arrow's graz'd already, and 'twere vain
To loose the Shaft is left,
For that which never will be found again.

Bra. Hence bear the Body to *Cornelia*'s Lodging,
And we command that none acquaint our Dutchess
With this sad Accident, *Flamineo.*

Fla. Now for a dextrous Lye, of good Complection,
A wicked, read and commodious Lye : [*Here the Conspirators* Antonio *and* Gasparo *take the Beaver aside and venom'd Powder.*

I ha't.
I see, Sir, by your questioning stern Looks,

You

You would be ſatisfi'd about this Quarrel;
Take it in brief——— He was my younger Brother.
Bra. What of that?
Fla. And gave me inſolent Language.
Bra. A Brother's Blood for a raſh Word?
Fla. Such Words
Would call down Thunder, he traduc'd
The Honour of my Mother, call'd me Baſtard.
Bra. How, Sir?
Fla. He ſaid he did ſuſpect
My Mother play'd foul play when ſhe conceiv'd me.
Bra. This was too groſs, if true——— but
Be it as 'twill, I grant you not your Pardon.
Fla. No!
Bra. Only a Leaſe of Life, and that ſhall laſt
But for one Day———
Thou ſhalt be forc'd each Evening to renew it.
Fla. At your pleaſure—— your Will is now a Law. [*Trumpet.*
Bra. Hark there, the Summons to the Barrier,
We make the Sport wait for us: Where's my Beaver?
Page. The Beaver there: His Highneſs's Beaver.
Gaſp. He calls for his Deſtruction.
Lud. Are you ſure on't? [Exeunt *all but the Conſpirators.*
Ant. I'll truſt th' Ingredients, were he *Cerberus*,
Or tho' three-liv'd *Geryon*, 'twould diſpatch him.
Lud. This is, methinks, the Triumph of Revenge,
To arreſt and ſeize him in the height of Revelling,
And on his Bridal Night too.
Gaſp. Add but this;
To ſink him lower in th' Infernal Lake,
That the laſt Deed he did he pardon'd Murder.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Tilt-yard.*

Charges and Shouts.

Enter haſtily Brachiano, Flamineo, *and others.*

Bra. An Armourer, Blood, Fire, an Armourer.
Fla. The Armourer, fly, call the Armourer.
Bra. Tear off my Beaver. [*Enter Armourer.*
Fla. Are you hurt, my Lord ?
Bra. O my Brain's on Fire.
Arm. Upon my Life, my Lord——
Bra. Away with him to Torture.
There are ſome great ones have a hand in this,
And near about me. [*Enter* Vittoria.
Vitt. O my lov'd Lord !
Fla. Remove the Barr : Here are unfortunate Revels.
Call the Phyſicians. [*Enter Phyſicians.*
Your own Art confound you,
We have too much of your Cunning here already.
Bra. O I am gone paſt help ; the curſt Infection
Flies to the Brain and Heart. O thou ſtrong Heart,
There's ſuch a ſtrong League 'twixt the World and thee,
You're loath to part. [*Enter* Giovanni.
Giov. How fares my noble Father ?
Bra. Remove the Boy away.
Where's this good Woman ? Had I a thouſand World's,
They were too little for thee : Muſt I leave thee ?
What ſay you Screech-Owls, is the Venom mortal ?
Phy. Moſt deadly.
Bra. Moſt corrupted politick Hangmen,
You kill without Book, but your Art to ſave
Fails you as ſure as great Men needy Friends.
I that have given Life to offending Slaves,
To wretched Murderers, have I not Power
To lengthen my own out for one Twelve-month ? Off,

Do

Do not kiſs me, for I ſhall poiſon thee:
This Unction's ſent from the great Duke of *Florence.*
Vitt. Sir, be of Comfort.
Bra. O thou ſoft natural Death that art Joint-twin
To ſofteſt Slumber; no rough bearded Comet
Shares in thy mild Departure; the dull Raven
Beats not againſt thy Caſement; the hoarſe Wolf
Scents not thy Carrion; Pity windes thy Courſe,
Whilſt Horror waits on Princes.
Vitt. I'm loſt for ever. [*Conſpirators enter.*
Bra. How miſerable a thing it is to die
'Mongſt Women howling. What are theſe?
Fla. Franciſcans;
Come to perform you their laſt Office.
Bra. On Pain of Death, let no Man name Death to me;
It is a Word infinitely terrible.
Withdraw into our Cabinet. [*They carry him off.*
Ant. We have ſtruck mortally this royal Stag.
Gaſp. Let's follow to his Bay.
Ant. And ſee him worry'd by his own Quack Dogs.
Gaſp. And waſh our Hands in's Gore.
Lud. O 'twill compleat the Sport. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE *opens and discovers* Brachiano *in Bed*, Vittoria, Flamineo, Ludovico *and Attendants*.

Vitt. O My good Lord !
Bra. Away, you have abus'd me :
You have convey'd Coin from our Territories,
Bought and sold Offices, oppreſt the Poor,
And I ne'er dreamt on't : Make up your Accounts,
I'll now be my own Steward.
Lud. Sir, have Patience.
Bra. Indeed I am to blame ;
For did you ever hear the dusky Raven
Chide Blackneſs ? Was it ever known the Devil
Rail'd againſt cloven Creatures ?
Vitt. O my Lord !
Bra. Let me have Quails to Supper.
Fla. Sir, you ſhall.
Bra. No ; ſome fry'd Dog-fiſh ; your Quails feed on Poiſon ;
That old Dog-fiſh, that Politician *Florence*.
I'll forſwear Hunting, and turn Dog-killer.
Rare ! I'll be Friends with him, for (mark ye) one Dog
Still ſets another another a barking—— Peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine Slave come in now.
Fla. Where ?
Bra. Why there,
In a blew Bonnet, and a Pair of Breeches with a great Codpice : Ha ! ha ! ha !
Look you, his Codpice is ſtuck full of Pins
With Pearls o'th' Head of 'em. Do not you know him ?

Fla.

Fla. No my Lord.
Bra. I'll Diſpute with him, he's a rare Linguiſt.
Vitt. My Lord here's nothing.
Bra. Nothing? Rare? Nothing when I want Money?
Our Treaſury is empty, there is nothing,
I'll not be uſed thus.
Vitt. Good my Lord lye ſtill.
Bra. See, ſee, *Flamineo* that kill'd his Brother,
Is dancing on the Ropes there;
And he carry's a Money-bag in each Hand to keep him even,
For fear of breaking's Neck: And there's a Lawyer
In a Gown whipt with Velvet, ſtares and gapes
When the Money will fall: How the Rogue cuts Capers,
It ſhould ha' been a Halter.
'Tis there what's ſhee.
Fla. Vittoria my Lord.
Bra. Ha, ha: Her Hair is ſprinkled with Arras Powder,
Which makes her look as ſhe had ſinn'd 'ith Paſtry.
Vitt. This is deſperate Frenzy.
Bra. Look you, Six gray Catts that have loſt their Tails,
Crawl up the Pillow, and ſend for a Rattcatcher.
I'll free the Court
From all foul Vermin. Where *Flamineo.*
Fla. I do not like that, he names me ſo often,
Eſpecially on's Death-bed, 'tis a Sign I ſhall not live long.
Vitt. He has rav'd himſelf quite out of Spirits;
Cordial here; rear up his Head gently. [Antonio *and* Gaſp. *enter in their* Capuchins *Habit.*
Ant. Now Sir, *To* Ludovico.
How ſpeeds our Operation?
Lud. Beyond our Wiſhes,
He has had ſtrange Deliriums; Talkt of Battles
Monopolies, and leavying of Taxes,
Iſſuing Proclamations; and from thence deſcends
To the moſt Brain ſick Language; now hee's ſtill
With meer expence of Spirits.
Gaſp. A ſure Sign that he draws near his End.

Ant. A fit time
For us to practiſe our laſt Tortures on him.
Gaſp. Lett's to work then, before he's ſpent too far,
For ſhould he firſt grow Senſleſs, our Sport's marr'd.
Ant. By your leave Sirs, you ſee he's juſt departing,
His Speech has left him, you muſt do ſo too,
And leave us two to whiſper in his Ear
Some private Meditations, which our Order
Permits not you to hear. [*The Company goes out.*
Lud. Be ſure you worry him.
Gaſp. *Prometheus*,
When languiſhing in Chains had but one Vulture,
He ſhall have two. [*The Company being gone out*, Antonio *and* Gaſp. *diſcover themſelves, and ſeize* Brachiano.
Ant. *Brachiano.*
Gaſp. Miſcreant.
Ant. Hell-hound.
Gaſp. Hear you Slave,
You that were held the famous Politician,
Whoſe Art was Poyſon,
Ant. And whoſe Conſcience Murder.
Gaſp. That would have broke your Wive's Neck down Stairs,
Ere ſhe was poyſon'd.
Ant. That had your Villanous Sallads,
Gaſp. And fine embroider'd Bottles and Perfumes,
Equally mortal with a Winter Plague.
Ant. Now there's Mercury,
Gaſp. And Coproſe,
Ant. And Quickſilver,
With other diveliſh Apothecary's Stuff,
A Jumbling in your Politick Brains—Doſt hear?
Gaſp. I am *Gaſparo.*
Ant. *Antonio* I.
Gaſp. Thou ſhalt dye like a Scoundril, Vagabond Rogue.
Ant. Stink like a Fly-blow, Dead-Ditch Dog;
Gaſ. And be forgotten ere thy Funeral Sermon.
Bra. *Vittoria*, *Vittoria*!
Ant. O the curſed Negromancer

Comes

Comes to himſelf again; we are undone. [*They put on their Cowls again haſtily.*

Gaſp. What ſhall's do now?

Ant. Take this and ſtrangle him in *Private*, [*The Company return.*
What will you call him again to ſuffer treble Torments,
O for Charity, for Charity avoid the Chamber. [*they go out again.*

Gaſp. You would prate Sir, This is a true Love's Knot
Sent from the Duke of *Florence*. [*Strangles him.*

Ant. What is't done?

Gaſp. The Snuff is out; no Woman-keeper i'th' World,
Tho' ſhe had practis'd ſeven years at the Peſt-Houſe,
Could have don't quaintlier. [*The Company return.*
My Lord he's dead.

Omn. Peace to his Grace.

Vitt. O me! This Place is Hell.

Lud. How heartily ſhe takes it.

Fla. Yes, yes,
Had Women Navigable Rivers in their Eyes,
They would diſpend them all. I'll tell thee,
Theſe are but Mooniſh ſhades of Griefs and Fears,
There's nothing ſooner dry, than Women's Tears.

Lud. This muſt be *Florence*'s doing,

Fla. Very likely.
Yet how demure his Looks are! O the Art,
The modeſt Form of greatneſs that does ſit
Like Brides at Wedding Dinners.

Lud. Whoſoever ſent him his Diſpatch, he's dead,
And now———
The People have full liberty to talk
And diſcant on his Vices.

Fla. Miſery of Princes?
That muſt of force be cenſured by their Slaves:
Nor only blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all Men will.
One had better be a Threſher,
Blood, Fire, I'd fain ſpeak with this Duke yet.

Lud. What now he's dead?

Fla. I'll ſpeak to him, and ſhake him by the Hand,
Tho' I be blaſted. [*Exit* Flam.
Lud. At your own Peril Sir.
Now Gentlemen we are private tell me truly,
Did you both terrifie him at his laſt Gaſp.
Ant. Yes, and ſo rudely, that the Duke had like
To have terrify'd us.
Lud. As how, I pray? [*Enter* Zanch.
Gaſp. You ſhall know that hereafter——
See yonder your black Succubus that haunts you,
She rolls her hideous Eye-balls, and looks big
With ſome Infernal Meſſage.
Lud. She has promis'd me,
The Revelation of ſome dreadful Secret.
I long for the dark Oracle: Stand by,
You are paſſionately met in this ſad World. [*To* Zanch.
Zan. You ſhould look up, Sir; theſe Court Tears,
Claim not that Tribute to 'em. Let thoſe Weep,
That guiltily partake in the ſad Cauſe.
I knew laſt Night by a ſad Dream I had,
Some Miſchief would enſue; yet to ſay Truth,
My Dream was moſt of you.
Gaſp. Mark her, I prithee, how ſhe Simpers like [*To* Ant.
The Suds a Collier had been waſh'd in.
Zan. Come, Sir, good Fortune tends you; I did tell you,
I would reveal a Secret to you—*Iſabella*,
The Duke of *Florence*'s Siſter, was Poiſon'd
By a fum'd Picture, and *Camillo*'s Neck
Was broke by curſt *Flamineo*: The Miſchance
Laid on a Vaulting-Horſe.
Lud. Moſt Strange!
Zan. Moſt True!
Lud. The Bed of Snakes is broke.
Zanch. I ſadly do confeſs I had a hand
In the black Deed.
Lud. Thou kept'ſt their Counſel.

Zan. Right.

Zan. Right.
For which to make amends, I intend,
This night to Rob *Vittoria.*
Lod. Excellent Amends!
Uſurers Dream on't when they ſleep out Sermons.
Zanch. To farther our Eſcape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me till the Funeral's o're,
To a Friend i'th Country: That excuſe
Will ſuccour our Eſcape: In Coin and Jewels,
I ſhall at leaſt make good to our own Uſe,
A hundred thouſand Crowns.
Lod. Theſe Crowns we'l ſhare.
Zan. It is a Dowry,
Methinks ſhould make the Sun-burnt Proverb falſe,
And waſh the *Ethiop* White.
Lod. It ſhall; away.
Zan. Be ready for our Flight. *Ex. Zanch.*
An hour 'fore Day.
A ſtrange Diſcovery.
Why Gentlemen, till now we knew not
The Circumſtance of *Iſabella*'s Death,
And of *Camillo*'s leſs.
Zan. You'l wait at Midnight; i'th Chappel. *Zan. comes back.*
Lod. There. *Ex. Zan.*
Ant. Now, Sir, what News from *Pluto*'s Court!
Lod. Retire with me and I'll inform you all.
More Food for our Revenge, that I can tell you,
We muſt to work again —— the Preſence Enters.

Enter Giovani *weeping, Attendants after him, from the other ſide* Flamineo.

Fla. *'Tis a dull ſullen Corps, he take States on him, and would not anſwer me one word. Ha! the young Prince.*
Prince! 'Tis a ſweet Prince.
Yet have I known a poor Woman's Baſtard better favoured. This behind him; for to his Face I ſhall uſe other Language. Wiſe was

the Court Peacock, *who being compared for Beauty to the Kingly Eagle, said, the respect of her Feathers, but in respect of her long Tallons* —— *His will grow out in time.* ——

My Gracious Lord ——

Gio. I pray Sir leave me.

Fla. Your Grace must be Merry, 'tis we have cause to Weep.
For wot you Sir, what said the little Boy that rode behind his Father a Horseback ——

Gio. Away Buffoon.

But that's not your worst Character---- I charge you on Forfeiture of Life to quit our Palace. *Exit Giov. and Attendants.*

Fla. Do's he make a Court Ejectment of me? A flaming Firebrand casts more Smoak without a Chimney than within; I'll smother some of them.

How now! thou art sad. [*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. I melt even now with the most piteous Sight.

Fla. Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful degraded Courtier.

Servt. Your Reverend Mother,
Is grown a very old Woman in two hours:
I found them winding of *Marcello*'s Coarse;
And there is such a solemn Melody,
'Tween doleful Songs, Tears and sad Elegies.
Such as old Grandams watching by the dead
were won't to out were the Nights with; that believe me,
I had no Eyes to guide me forth the room.
They were so'ore charg'd with Water.

Fla. I will see them.

Serv. 'Twill be uncharitable in you, for your sight will add unto their Tears.

Fla. I will see them.
They are behind the *Travers*; I'll discover
Their superstitious Howlings.
Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet.
What a mockery hath Death made thee? thou look'st sad.
In what place art thou? in your starry Gallery,
Or in the cursed Dungeon? no! not speak?
Pray Sir, resolve me, is it in your knowledge
To answer me how long I have to live?
Not answer? Are you still like some great Men,

Enter Brachianos *Ghost in his Leather Cassock, and Breeches, Boots, a Coul. A pan of Lilly Flowers with a Scull in't.*

That

That only walk like Shadows up and down,
And to no purpose? say, ———
What's that? O Fatal! he throws dirt upon me.
A dead man's Scull beneath the roots of Flowers,
I pray speak, Sir, Our *Italian* Church-men
Make us believe, dead men hold Conference
With their Familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
He's gone; and see, the Scull and Earth are vanish'd. *Exit Ghost.*
This is beyond melancholy; I do dare my fate
To do it's worst. Now to my Sister's Lodging,
And sum up all these horrors; the disgrace
The Prince threw on me; next the piteous sight of my dead
Brother; and my Mother's Dotage;
And last, this terrible Vision; all these
Shall with *Vittoria's* Bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this Weapon in her Blood. *Exit.*

The Ghost throws Earth upon him and shews him the Scull

SCENE 3*d* Vittoria's *Apartment.*

Vittoria to *Zanche.* Vitt. with a Book in her hand.

Song.

Flamineo *Enters.*

Fla. What! are you at your Prayers? give o're.
Vitt. How Ruffian?
Fla. I come to you about worldly business.
Sit down, sit down, nay stay Blouse, you may hear it,
The doors are fast enough.
Vitt. Ha, are you drunk?
Fla Yes, yes, with Wormwood Water, you shall tast
Some of it presently.
Vitt. What intends the Fury?
Fla. You are my Lord's Executrix, and I claim
Reward for my long Service.
Vitt. For your Service?

Fla. Come therefore, here is a Pen and Ink, set down
What you will give me.
Vitt. There. [*she writes.*
Fla. Ha! have you done already?
'Tis a most short Conveyance.
Vitt. I will read it.
I give that Portion to thee, and no other
Which *Cain* groan'd under, having slain his Brother.
Fla. A most courtly Patent to beg by.
Vitt. You are a Villain.
Fla. Is't come to this? They say Affrights cure Agues:
Thou hast a Devil in thee, I will try
If I can scare him from thee; nay, sit still,
My Lord hath left me two Case of Jewels
Shall make me scorn your Bounty, you shall see them. [*Exit.*
Vitt. Sure he's distracted.
Zan. O he's desparate. [*Returns with two*
For your own Safety give him gentle Language. *Case of Pistols.*
Fla. Look, these are better far at a dead Lift,
Than all your Jewel-house.
Vitt And yet methinks,
These Stones have no fair Lustre, they are ill set.
Fla. I ll turn the right side towards you; you shall see how they
Vitt. Turn the Horrour from me: (will sparkle,
What do you want? What would you have me do?
Is not all mine yours, have I any Children?
Fla. Trouble me not
With this vain worldly Business; say your Prayers.
I made a Vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither your self nor I should out-live him
The Numbring of four hours.
Vitt. Did he enjoyn it?
Fla. He did, and 'twas a deadly Jealousie,
Lest any should enjoy you after him,
That urg'd him to vow me to it; for my own Death,
I did propound it voluntarily; knowing,
If he could not be safe in his own Court,
Being a great Duke, what hope then for us?

Vitt. This

Vitt. This is your Melancholy and Despair.
Fla. Away; Fool thou art, to think that Politicians,
Do use to kill the Effects of Injuries,
And let the Cause live. Shall we groan in Irons,
Or be a shameful, and a weighty Burthen
To a publick Scaffold? This is my Resolve;
I would not live at any Man's Intreaty,
Nor dye at any's bidding.
Vitt. Will you hear me?
Fla. My Life hath done Service to other Men,
My Death shall serve my own turn, make you ready.
Vitt. Do you mean to die indeed?
Fla. With as much Pleasure as 'ere my Father 'gat me.
Vitt. Are the Doors lockt?
Zan. Yes, Madam.
Vitt. Are you grown an Atheist? Will you turn your Body
Which is the goodly Palace of the Soul,
To the Soul's Slaughter-house. Cry out for help.
Zan. Help, help.
Fla. I'll stop your Throat with Winter-Plums.
Vitt. I prethee yet remember.
Fla. Leave your prating, it moves not me.
Zan. Gentle Madam,
Seem to consent, only perswade him to teach
The way to Death; let him dye first.
Vitt. 'Tis good, I apprehend it;
To kill ones self is Food that we must take
Like Pills; not chew't, but quickly swallow it:
The Smart o'th' Wound, or Weakness of the Hand,
May else bring treble Torments.
Fla. I have held it
A wretched and most miserable Life
Which cannot dare to dye.
Vitt. O, but Frailty!
Yet I am now resolv'd: Farewel Affliction:
Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liv'd,
Did make a *Flaming Altar* of my Heart,
To sacrifice unto you; now am ready

To ſacrifice Heart and all. Farewel *Zanche*.

Zan. How Madam, do you think that I'll out-live you?
Eſpecially when my beſt ſelf, *Flamineo*,
Goes the ſame Voyage.

Fla. O moſt lov'd Moor!

Zan. Only for all my Love let me intreat you,
Since it is moſt neceſſary one of us
Do Violence on our ſelves, let you or I,
Be her ſad Taſter, teach her how to dye.

Fla. Thou doſt inſtruct me nobly; take theſe Piſtols,
Becauſe my Hand is ſtain'd with Blood already.
Two of theſe you ſhall level at my Breaſt;
Th'other againſt your own; and ſo we'll dye
Moſt equally contented: but firſt promiſe,
Not to out-live me.

Vitt. & *Zan*. Moſt Religiouſly.

Fla. Then here's an end of me, Farewel Day-light.
Are you ready?

Both. Ready.

Fla. Whither ſhall I go now?
Whether I reſolve to Fire, Earth, Water, Air,
Or all the Elements, by Scruples, I know not,
Shoot, ſhoot.
Of all Deaths, the violent Death is beſt; [*They ſhoot, he falls.*
For from our ſelves it ſteals our ſelves ſo faſt,
The Pain once apprehended, is quite paſt.

Vitt. What, are you dropt?

Fla. I am mixt with Earth already! As you are Noble,
Perform your Vows, and bravely follow me:

Vitt. Whither?

Zan. To moſt aſſured Deſtruction?

Vitt. O thou perfidious!

Zan. Thou art caught------

Vitt. In thy own Engine: Thus I tread the Fire out [*They tread upon him.*
That would have been my Ruin.

Fla. Will you be perjur'd?

Vitt. Think whither thou art going.

Zan. And remember what Villanies
Thou haſt acted.

Fla. O,

Fla. O, I am caught with a Springe!
Kill'd by a Brace of Lurchers.
O the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see;
Shall I have no Company;
Wilt thou out-live me?
Zan. Yes, and drive a Stake
Through thy Carcass; for we'll give it out,
Thou did'st this Violence upon thy self.
Fla. O cunning Furies, now I have try'd your Love, [*He rises.*
And double all your Reaches; I am not wounded;
The Pistols held no Bullets; 'twas a Plot
To prove your Kindness to me; and I live
To punish your Ingratitude.
O Men that lie upon your Death-beds, and are haunted
With howling Wives; ne'er trust them, they'll Re-marry,
Eat the Worm-piece your Winding-sheet, 'ere the Spider
Make a thin Curtain for your *Epitaphs*.
Vitt. Help, help!
Fla. What Noise is that? Ha! false Keys i'th' Court!
Lod. We have brought you a Mask. [*Noise without, enter*
A *Machine* it seems *Lod. Ant. Gasp.*
By your drawn Swords. Church-men turn'd Revellers!
Gas. *Isabella! Isabella!*
Lod. Do you know us now?
Fla. *Lodovica!* and *Gasparo!*
Vitt. O, we are lost!
Fla. You shall not take Justice from forth my Hands.
O let me kill her, ----else I'll cut my Safety
Through your Coats of Steel: Fate's a Spaniel,
We cannot beat it from us; What remains now?
Let all that do ill take this President:
Gas. Bind him to the Pillar.
Vitt. O your gentle Pity:
I have seen a Black-bird that would sooner fly
To a Man's Bosom, than to stay the Gripe
Of the fierce Sparrow-Hawk.
Gas. Your Hope deceives you.
Vitt. If *Florence* were i'th' Court, he would not kill me,
Gas. Fool!

Gas. Fool! Princes give Rewards with their own Hands,
But Death, or Punishment, by the Hands of others.
Lod. Sarrah, you once did strike me; I'll strike you now to the (Center.
Fla. Thou'lt do it like a Hang-man, a base Hang-man,
I cannot strike again.
Lod. Dost laugh?
Fla. Would'st have me die, as I was born whining?
Lod. O could I kill you forty times a Day,
And use it for Years together.
What dost think on?
Fla. Nothing, of nothing; leave thy idle Questions;
I am i'th' way to study a long Silence;
To prate were idle.
Lod. O thou glorious Strumpet!
Could I divide thy Breath, from this pure Air,
When't Leaves thy Body, I would suck it up,
And breath't upon some Dunghill,
Vitt. You my Deaths---man!
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,
Thou ha'st too good a Face to be a Hangman:
If thou be, do thy Office, in right Form;
Fall down upon thy knees and ask Forgiveness.
Lod. O thou hast been a most prodigious Comet,
But 'Ile cut off your Train: kill the Moor first.
Vitt. You shall not kill her First, behold my Breast,
I will be waited on in Death, my Servant
Shall never go before me.
Gas. Are you so brave?
Vitt. Yes, I shall welcome Death,
As Princes do some great Embassadors,
Meet him half way.
Lod. Do'st thou not tremble?
Methinks fear should dissolve thee into Air.
Vitt. O thou art deceiv'd, I am too true a Woman:
Conceit will never kill me: Il'e tell thee what,
I will not in my Death shed one base tear,
Or if look pale for want of blood, not fear.
Gas. Thou art my Task, black Fury.

I have Blood
As red as either of theirs. Wilt drink ſome?
'Tis good for the Falling Sickneſs. I am proud
Death cannot alter my Complection:
For I ſhall near look pale.
Lod. Strike with a joint motion.
Vitt. It was a Manly blow;
The next thou give'ſt, murder ſome ſucking Infant,
And then thou wil't be Famous.
Fla. That's well put:
Thou art a Noble Siſter;
I love thee now:
Vitt. My Soul, like to a Ship in a black Storm
Is driven I know not whither.
Fla. Then caſt Anchor.
We ceaſe to grieve, ceaſe to be Fortunes Slaves;
Nay, ceaſe to Dye, by Dying.
Thou art gon, and I am in a miſt.
Vitt. O, happy they that never ſaw a Court,
Nor never knew great men, but by Report. [*Vitt. Dies.*
Fla. I recover like a ſpent Taper, for a Flaſh,
And inſtantly go out.
My Life was a black Charnel: I have caught,
An Everlaſting Cold. I have loſt my Voice.
Moſt irrecoverably: Farewell glorious Villains;
Let no harſh Flattering Bells reſound my knell,
Strike Thunder and Strike Loud to my Farwell. [*Dies.*

Enter Embaſſador and Giovian.

Eng. Em: This way, this way, break open the Doors this way.
Lod: Ha, are we betray'd?
Why then Let's inſtantly Dye altogether,
And having Finiſh'd this moſt Noble Deed,
Defie the worſt of Fate, nor Fear to Bleed.
Eng. Em. Keep back the Prince; Shoot, Shoot,
Lod. O, I am wounded;
I fear I ſhall be ta'ne.

Gio. You bloody Villains,
By what Authority have you Committed
This Maſſacre?
Lod. By mine.
Gio. Thine!
Gas. Yes.
Lod. Thy Unkle, which is part of thee, enjoyn'd us to't.
Thou knows't me I am ſure; I am *Count Loderick*,
Gio. Ha!
Gas. Yes: That Moor, thy Father choſe his Penſioner.
Gio. He turn'd Murtherer.
Away with them to Priſon and to Torture.
All that have hands in this, ſhall taſte our Juſtice.
Lod. I doe Glory yet,
That I can call this Act my own. For my part,
The Rack, the Gallows, and the tortrous Wheel.
Shall be but ſound Sleep to me! here's my Reſt:
I Limb'd this Night-piece, and it is my beſt.
Gio. Remove the Bodies; ſee my Honour'd Lord,
What uſe we ought to make of their puniſhment.
Let Guilty Men remember, their Black Deeds,
Do lean on Crutches, made of Slender Reeds

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

OUR Author's pleas'd, that English Judges sit
Upon a home-spun PLAY, *and English writ,*
And could with less Expence i'th' Modern Way,
Have fitted out a slight New-fashion'd PLAY
To Leak, and Bulge, and Founder in the Bay;
But chose a Vessel that would bear the shock
Of Censure; Yes, old Built, but Heart of Oak;
Besides, 'twas an ESSAY *worth all his Cost*
If your old Relish of Stage Wit *were lost.*
And if he finds stead of th' Old Draft and True
Y'are fond of your Sophisticated New,
Can, (like his Brethren) Balderdash and Brew;
Cou'd jumble ye Ingredients, cheaper got
Than Methods, Morals, Character and Plot,
Which he pretends to sell ye in this Lott;
We vouch our Ware for good, and if debarr'd
From a fair Market, stand upon our Guard:
And if our Scout-boat Prologue *fails to take ye,*
We have our Epilogue *Chase-guns to rake ye;*
We know upon what Bottom we engage,
Nor blush to set our Monsters of the Stage
By more Enormous Follies of this Age.
Coach suited to Complexion! a whole Shop
Disfurnish'd to rigg out one first Rate Fopp:
Nymphs shorn t' equip a brainless Beau *with Hair,*
And brawny Booby lugg'd in Lady-Chair.
Thus rather than we'll see our Stage run down
By Nonsense, we'll let fly at the whole Town.
You've seen the Joy and Terrour of your Life,
Our wanton Wife, and Devil of a Wife;

If

The Epilogue.

If that won't mortify and make ye sorry,
We have a Devil of a Husband for ye,
Doom'd by just Fate to die of raving Fits,
To fright Ill-natur'd Husbands to their Wits:
If you'll make this for Challenge a Pretence,
We'll answer ye like Masters of Defence.
Blustering and Bluff, with Bear-Garden *Behaviour,*
Let's have a clear Stage, and from you no Favour.

FINIS.
